

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXI. No. 2100

London
September 24, 1941



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

Stop that
with **COLD
VAPEX**

VI93a

STATE EXPRESS
555
Cigarettes



**HIGHLAND
QUEEN**
Grand
Liqueur



MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD. - Scotch
Whisky Distillers, Leith Glasgow, London.

**PALACE COURT
HOTEL**

★ Bournemouth's most Modern
Hotel. Private Bath Room en
suite, no extra charge. Bridge
every day. Dancing weekends. ★
Telephone in every room.

BOURNEMOUTH

Depend on obtaining the Best

Presta

MINERAL WATERS

Healthful and invigorating

ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

Normandie Hotel

AND RESTAURANT

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.7 Ken 1400

LUNCHEON · DINNER · DANCING
TO THE GREGORY QUARTET 8.30-12.30

Single Rooms and Bath . . . 12/6

Single Rooms and Private Bath 15/-

Double Rooms . . . from 21/-

Inclusive weekly terms by arrangement

Special Terms to H.M. Forces and their Families

*Grant's
Scotch
Whisky*

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

Bulmer's



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC
CHAMPAGNE PROCESS . . .

CHAMPAGNE CIDER

Obtainable at all the best
Hotels and Restaurants

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD, ENGLAND



GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

THE TATLER

LONDON
SEPTEMBER 24, 1941

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXI. No. 2100



Fred Daniels

Back to the Stage—Vivien Leigh in a Shaw Play

Vivien Leigh has come back to the English stage fresh from her Hollywood triumphs, the last of which was *Lady Hamilton*, shown not long ago in London. She is now playing Mrs. Dubedat in Irene Henschel's production of *The Doctor's Dilemma*, with Cyril Cusack as Louis Dubedat. The show opened a long provincial tour at Manchester on September 9, where it broke all records for a non-musical play. It is set in the year 1903, and Vivien Leigh was photographed with her hair dressed in the manner of the period, which is also more or less that of to-day. Miss Leigh's last stage appearance was when she played Juliet to her husband Laurence Olivier's Romeo, in his New York Shakespeare production. He is now in the Fleet Air Arm. There is some talk of a film of *Jane Eyre* being made in this country with Vivian Leigh in the name part



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Three Powers in Moscow

FIVE weeks have passed since President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill sent their urgent suggestion to Stalin that he should call a war supply conference in Moscow—a suggestion to which he gave his enthusiastic assent twenty-four hours later. Now the conference is assembling, and, though it may seem to many that there has been undue delay on the British and American side, it is really understandable that much preparatory work was necessary to ensure that the Anglo-American missions would arrive at their far distant destination armed with all the essential facts and figures.

There has, after all, been enough difficulty in obtaining from the United States sufficient supplies to build up the British and allied armies in other theatres of war. The problem of expanding production, not only to fulfil those programmes, but to make provision for large additional supplies to aid the Russians in their great struggle, was a serious one. It compelled President Roosevelt to order a complete reorganisation of the American industrial effort, and in both London and Washington there has been an entirely fresh survey of requirements and potentialities. These things could not be done in a moment, and it would have been useless for the Moscow conference to meet until that work had been completed.

Two British Ministers

THE appointment of Capt. Harold Balfour, the Under-Secretary for Air, to accompany Lord Beaverbrook, who heads the British

mission, is an interesting one. In the past, Capt. Balfour and Lord Beaverbrook frequently found difficulty in seeing eye to eye. But I believe those little personal frictions have now been removed. In any case, Capt. Balfour, young, energetic, ambitious, and a practical flying man, can help considerably in liaison between the British and American missions. Since the beginning of the war he has made a number of trips to Canada and the United States to discuss production, and the training of air crews. So far as I know, it will be for Lord Beaverbrook and Capt. Balfour alike a first trip to Moscow.

Churchill's Defence Chief

IF Stalin has had to wait rather long for the conference, he is at least honoured by the nomination of distinguished missions from both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Churchill's decision to send Lieutenant-General Sir Hastings Ismay as chief British expert is a striking earnest of the Prime Minister's determination to do everything that lies in our power to reinforce the Russian war effort. General Ismay is now the head of Mr. Churchill's Ministry of Defence. He is thus the Premier's principal adviser on all matters appertaining to the direction of the war.

He has had a distinguished career, the latter years of which have been largely spent in Whitehall. His most intimate knowledge of Eastern European affairs was acquired between 1933 and 1936, when he was head of that section of War Office Intelligence which dealt specially with Russia, Poland, the Balkans, and the Middle and Far East. There-

after he became the principal assistant to Sir Maurice Hankey—now Lord Hankey—who for so many years was Secretary to the Cabinet and to the Committee of Imperial Defence.

When Lord Hankey retired from these positions in August, 1938, Sir Hastings Ismay succeeded him at the head of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and converted that body into Mr. Churchill's new Defence Ministry.

America's Russian Expert

AMONG the twenty members of the American mission, which includes a former United States Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral William Standley, and three General Officers, perhaps the most interesting member is Colonel Philip Faymonville as secretary to the mission. A former military attaché in Moscow, Colonel Faymonville is regarded as one of the most useful men who could have been chosen for this task. He speaks Russian fluently, and is perhaps on better terms with the fighting leaders of the Russian Army than any other foreign military man.

During his stay in Moscow he developed a keen respect for the fighting qualities of the Red Army. Indeed, he was often accused by his friends as well as by his superiors of being biased. Probably he is the only military attaché who has served in Moscow and whose reports on Red Army efficiency have been proved correct. Many of his colleagues thought that his intellectual interest in the Soviet Revolution had coloured his views as a professional soldier. But this certainly enabled him to see more deeply into the realities of the Russian situation than he otherwise could have done. His ability to talk as both friend and expert with the Russians will enable him to give valuable advice to Mr. Harriman's mission.

I was interested to see, by the way, that M. Oumansky, the Soviet Ambassador to Washington, had accompanied the mission. When I last met him he was seated at his desk in the Ministry of Press and Propaganda in Moscow, of which he was head. An energetic little man, with a lot of solid gold teeth and a suave manner which concealed a



Sandhurst Passing-out Ceremony

Captain David Margesson, M.P., presented a miniature Sword of Honour and a Sam Browne belt to Officer Cadet N. B. Erskine, of Leith, winner of the prize for the best all-round cadet, when the Secretary of State for War attended the Passing-out Parade at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. The runner-up also received a Sam Browne belt



Some of the Spitzbergen Raiders

Brigadier Arthur E. Potts, of Saskatchewan (centre) commanded the joint Canadian-British-Norwegian force which made the recent landing on Spitzbergen. Standing behind the Brigadier's right shoulder in this group of officers who took part in the raid is Major Geoffrey Walsh, of Ontario, Commander of the R.C.E. field company. The 2,500-mile expedition was the first operation by Canadian troops outside Britain for more than a year

steely character, he must have played a leading part in laying the foundations of what is now seen to be a brilliant foreign propaganda service.

From Soviet Prison Camp

As the British and American missions were preparing to leave for Moscow, London was deriving much interesting information from General Januszajtis, a Polish commander who had been held prisoner by the Russians since the operations in 1939, and who was recently released under the Russo-Polish agreement. In spite of his sojourn in Soviet prison camps General Januszajtis takes a generous and broadminded view of future Russo-Polish relations. He believes that Russia has now definitely turned away from imperialistic aims for world domination, and under Stalin's direction, will be a powerful but enlightened figure at the ultimate peace conference.

I gather that there are nearly 2,000,000 Poles in Russia today, most of them in the region of the Kirghiz Steppes, east of the Volga. They include men, women and children, most of whom were evacuated thither from occupied Poland under the Russo-German agreement following Hitler's first attack. The plight of the women and children in particular in this grim, unfriendly terrain can best be left to the imagination. Doubtless many of them will now be moved south and east, perhaps through Iran to India, for physical rehabilitation.

The immediate task is to find and sort out the officers and men of the former Polish Army. There are, I am told, not less than 200,000 soldiers with a fully sufficient number of officers.

Exit von Thermann

It is good news that the Argentine Congress, after prolonged investigation and debate, has called for the immediate removal of the German Ambassador in Buenos Aires, von Thermann. The investigating committee satisfied itself that von Thermann was the principal paymaster of the many Nazi underground groups in Latin America. It is not so long since the German Embassy was caught out importing a short-wave transmitting and receiving set in one of its diplomatic bags, and an elaborate totalitarian organisation working through social clubs was unearthed. A good deal of mud has also stuck to General Molina and his Nationalist Party as the result of proven close association with the Nazis.

Argentine councils will be strongly reinforced when M. Le Breton, the Argentine Ambassador to London, arrives back in Buenos Aires. He is emphatically pro-Ally, and a strong personality. It may even be that he is marked out to become Premier of the Argentine Government in the not far distant future. Indeed, we may well be at a turning point in Argentine affairs.

Lord Halifax and Washington

REPORT has been busy to explain that Lord Halifax, returning to Washington after a short period of leave in England, will stay in the capital of the United States for only a short further period. There is no confirmation of these reports. Indeed, in recent weeks, news from America has shown that our Ambassador, has been making an excellent impression on the other side.

For long the British Embassy in Washington, which in any case is a bit off the beaten track for those who are working in the government offices, has been regarded as a place where the American politician or official called only when specially invited to attend a reception or party. Under Lord Halifax it has, I am told, become a port of call for all and sundry when the day's work has come to an end. People just drop in for a drink and a talk, or for an informal



Missionaries to Moscow

Lord Beaverbrook, who came back from the United States towards the end of August, met Mr. Averill Harriman when the latter arrived in London from America last week. They are the heads of the British and American Missions to Moscow whose membership and work is discussed in "Way of the War." Mr. Harriman, whose daughter also met him at the airport, announced on arrival that, after consultations with Lord Beaverbrook, he and his Mission hoped to "get away as soon as possible" en route for Russia.

evening meal. Indeed, Lord Halifax has had to revise the habits of a lifetime in the matter of the hour for retiring for the night. Some of his visitors—among them, I fancy, Colonel Knox, have been known to hold the Ambassador in fascinated conversation until hours of the morning that are no longer so small.

Chicago's Stormy Petrel

WRITING to a friend in this country the other day, Colonel Frank Knox, United States Secretary for the Navy, declared that he felt fully justified in taking publicly whatever line seemed right to him. He cared nothing for his popular position in the country. "My political future is now behind me," he said.

All his life Colonel Knox has taken an independent line in politics, and today he is regarded by the Republican Party as something of a renegade because he has taken office under Mr. Roosevelt. The now close association of these two men is in itself remarkable. When President Roosevelt launched the New Deal at the beginning of his first term of office he had no more bitter opponent than Colonel Knox, who had recently acquired the *Chicago Daily News*, one of the leading newspapers of the United States. As recently as 1936 Colonel Knox ran for the Vice-Presidency on the Republican ticket, and it is only within the past few months that he has shaken hands with Ambassador Winant, with whom he fought a bitter political battle in New Hampshire some years ago.

There was, however, association with the Roosevelts as far back as 1912. Colonel Knox had fought under Theodore Roosevelt during the Spanish-American War, and when Theodore opposed Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency that year Colonel Knox supported him. His is a career built up on sheer ability. He began life as a reporter in Grand Rapids, and graduated up as a capable newspaper

man can do if he also has the business instinct. His success as publisher of a newspaper in New Hampshire caught the eye of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, who persuaded him to come to that great group of American newspapers as general manager. But the two parted company because Mr. Hearst refused Colonel Knox's advice to retrench in preparation for the great depression. Mr. Hearst was heavily the loser.

Journalist-General at M.O.I.

NEWSPAPER men are making their names in other professions just now. The latest example is Major-General E. F. Lawson who has been appointed to take charge of the Military Affairs Section at the Ministry of Information. He has been commanding a division of anti-aircraft artillery "somewhere in England." Except for the period represented by the 1914-1918 war, when as a soldier General Lawson rose to the rank of acting brigadier, he has spent all his time in Fleet Street. Son of the late Lord Burnham, then proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, General Lawson would have succeeded to the ownership of that fine property had not his father, some years before his death, sold out to Lord Camrose.

Short, dark, and highly efficient, Fred Lawson would have made a first-class editor. He has a gift which will certainly be appreciated at the Ministry of Information. He seldom, if ever, finds it necessary to write a letter longer than three lines, but in that space he manages always to convey exactly what he means. While his notes are business-like they are never peremptory.

He went back into the Army at the outbreak of war and, with his elder son, was through the Battle of Dunkirk. He is an excellent soldier, and there are many who doubt whether now he will ever return to his first love, journalism.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Last With The News

I WISH there were a paper which would have the moral courage to announce that it was last with the news. This craze for topicality results in a derangement of values which I personally find disturbing. Say that a film star's pet dog dies and the star herself is plunged in grief—this contemptible information is held to be of value provided that newspaper A can get it two hours before newspaper B, which since it cannot be first in the field will ignore the event.

Now I should be perfectly satisfied to live in a world in which no news was published until twenty-four hours after it reached the newspaper office. The world will learn its bad news quickly enough, and as far as I can see there is no need to hurry about the good. In such a world there would never be mention of pet dogs, and I doubt if we should get to hear much about film stars. Ask the proprietor of any morning newspaper whether he would rather have a reasoned criticism of a fine performance of *Hamlet* which took place the day before yesterday, or the story of last night's imbecile musical comedy. And he will jump at the second and turn down the first, which he obviously regards as being as much out of date as Hazlitt's notice of Kean as Shylock.

DRAMATIC critics are among the people who have the most reason to curse first the invention of the electric telegraph, and second, that of the telephone. Most of those who write for daily papers are compelled by their editors to hand their stuff in by ten o'clock. Indeed, in the old days of peace I used to sit next to a charming fellow who would disappear halfway through the second act to immure himself in a telephone box and emerge as the curtain was going up on the third act to see how far his guesswork had been correct.

I HAVE often wondered how the poor fellow would have fared in the days of masterpieces, and what his prognostications would have been. At the time the critic must hand in his notice *Hamlet* would have been shipped to England entirely to Claudius's content. At ten o'clock it would not have occurred to Lady Teazle to slip behind that screen. At that hour Captain Ardale would not yet have made his reappearance in Paula Tanqueray's life, Nora would still be Torvald Helmer's little song bird, and the Rev. James Mavor Morell would still regard himself as a shield thrown between Candida and the cruel world. And so on throughout the entire output of our dramatic authors—the condition of last

acts being that they must have something up their sleeves.

Indeed I have often thought it would be good fun to take some bright young Oxford undergraduate who has never seen any of the plays of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Pinero, Ibsen and Shaw, and ask him to fit reasonable endings to these dramas. And that, in peace time, is the quandary of every dramatic critic writing for the morning papers. I once knew a temperamental fellow who resigned his post on the ground that he was engaged as dramatic critic and not as dramatic prophet!

BUT the electric telegraph exists, bad cess to it, and with this invention came into being the thing we know as news service. "Thus bad begins and worse remains behind," said *Hamlet*; meaning that after the life story of Edison the cinema would be compelled to give us that of Reuter. *This Man Reuter* (Warners) is an interesting, and in places, exciting biography of the founder of the famous News Agency, from its small beginnings as a carrier pigeon post to the days when the cables stretched from Europe to America. Reuter is shown first as an eager boy impressed in his native town of Göttingen by the then rapid transmission of news in the overland service of *The Times*, then as the founder of the said pigeon service enabling bankers to get the prices on the Bourse in less than half the former time: finally as the head of Reuter's News Service, which amongst other things is able to shake financial circles with the news of President Lincoln's assassination several hours before its rival, the Anglo-Irish Telegraph Co., can transmit the sensational event. The film is therefore a *via triumphalis*; in its coherence it may be compared to a symphonic movement built entirely on one theme with strictly pertinent development. Reuter is played by that gifted actor Edward G. Robinson, who brings amazingly to life that diminutive bundle of nerves and energy.

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast is much too early to bother about women. I take it that the average business man at the hour of 10.30 is settling down to his day's work. If he is lucky he has finished at five, and three hours later, having bathed, dressed and dined—I am still thinking of peace-time days—is then in a mood to consider women in their capacity as delight, distraction or plain nuisance. Now consider the film critic who at 10.30, with his breakfast hardly swallowed, must measure Olivia de Havilland's dewy innocence against Paulette Goddard's exotics, and decide whether if he were Charles Boyer he would rather be petted by the one or mauled by the other.

Hold Back the Dawn (Plaza) is a story of a Rumanian crook who wants to get across the American border, but can only do so if he can get some American girl to marry him. When of course he will leave her and rejoin what Damon Runyon would call his ever-loving mistress, in this case the sharp-clawed Paulette. And then of course Boyer has to go and fall in love with the little simpleton he has married, whereby the film terminates in a new life, regeneration and all the rest of it. It is the business of the cinema to prevent thought; otherwise one might wonder how the crook is going to earn an honest living for himself and his girl-wife. The answer is, of course, that he won't. Does it take all the art of Charles Boyer to persuade us that he will? Well, Boyer is a pretty good actor, his charm is immense, and whether we believe in the truth of a picture which we shall forget two minutes after we have left the cinema is perhaps not worth worrying about.



Edward G. Robinson in "This Man Reuter"

Carrier pigeons, international market reports, telegraph wires, trans-Atlantic news dropped off Ireland in floating canisters and then wired to London: these are some of the means by which Julius Reuter, a hundred years ago, was building up his news service. The story of the first Reuter has been made into a film with Edward G. Robinson in the name part, Edna Best as his wife, William Dieterle as director. Above, Robinson is with Nigel Bruce as Sir Randolph Persham, one of Reuter's first backers, and Montague Love as Delane, editor of "The Times." "This Man Reuter" went to the Warner Theatre last Friday, and gives Mr. Agate the theme of his article above.

Two New Films



"Man Hunt"—a Melodrama of Chase and Counter-Chase

The synopsis of "Man Hunt" reads like the story of one of those old films where cars and trains and horses and aeroplanes used to chase each other breathlessly from reel-beginning to reel-end. Actually, the scenario, based on Geoffrey Household's "Rogue Male," follows the adventures of an English big-game hunter, Captain Alan Thorndike (Walter Pidgeon), who is accused by the Gestapo of trying to shoot Hitler, and is chased by them across the Continent. Above, Thorndike is examined by a Gestapo officer (George Sanders) who is his chief pursuer



Joan Bennett is Jerry, the East End waif in "Man Hunt" who helps the fugitive Thorndike when he is being chased around England. Heather Thatcher (left) is Lady Risborough, sister-in-law of Thorndike and wife of one of H.M.'s Ministers. Fritz Lang directed this anti-Nazi melodrama, which went to the Odeon on Monday



"Hold Back The Dawn"

Charles Boyer is the villain-hero of a triangular tale about a man who wanted to get from Mexico to the United States and could only get by the border authorities by marrying an American girl. Which he does, and falls in love with his wife, too, but his fiery ex-girl-friend makes a lot of trouble before the happy ending. Mitchell Leisen directed the film which has, besides Boyer, another distinguished French actor, Victor Francen, in it, and also Micheline Cheirel, John Loder's wife



The wife, a schoolmistress, is Olivia de Havilland, and the girl-friend, a former dancing-partner, is Paulette Goddard in "Hold Back The Dawn." The wife wins the battle for Boyer, and succeeds in winning him, too, from his wild ways. This Paramount picture, which Mr. Agate reviews on the opposite page, is at the Plaza

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Are Dramatic Critics Unkind?

EVERY now and then dramatic critics who sit in judgment on the work of others, pronouncing it to be good, bad or indifferent according to their taste, find that they have themselves become the subject of criticism, and that the goodness, badness or indifference of their own work is being called into question. More often, however, when they are criticised, it is on the ground that they have been unkind, cruel, even malicious—the truth of the matter being that dramatic criticism has become so mealy-mouthed that even the mildest disparagement is now regarded as the bitterest cut.

I wonder how modern actors and actresses, and playwrights, would feel if they had to "take it" as it was taken by their predecessors in days gone by. What would Mr. Noel Coward say if he opened his *Sunday Times* to find that Mr. James Agate had called his latest play "The most disgusting, vile, detestable composition that ever came from the hand of man"? That is what Coleridge wrote of Horace Walpole's *Mysterious Mother*. How would Mr. John Gielgud react if he opened his *Observer* to find that Mr. Ivor Brown had written of him as George Colman wrote of Kemble in *The Iron Chest*: "Frogs in a marsh, flies in a bottle, wind in a crevice, a preacher in a field, the drone of a bagpipe, all—all

yielded to the indomitable and soporific monotony of Mr. Kemble"?

THE greatest critic in the annals of the English Theatre is William Hazlitt. The profession may thank its lucky stars that he is dead, for he could slice and hack as none have sliced and hacked before or since. Slice was his humour when he wrote: "On the night we saw this after-piece, Mr. Knight played Leporello, instead of Mr. Harley: so we can praise neither." Hack was his humour when he wrote:

Of Mr. Conway's Romeo we cannot speak with patience. His acting is a nuisance to the stage. The tolerating such a performer in principal parts is a disgrace to the national character. We saw several foreigners laughing with mischievous delight at this monstrous burlesque of the character of Romeo. He bestrides the stage like a Colossus, throws his arms into the air like the sails of a windmill, and his motion is as unwieldy as that of a young elephant. His voice breaks in thunder on the ear like Gargantua's, but when he pleases to be soft, he is "the very beadle to an amorous sigh." A contemporary critic has said: "What a pity that the thing can speak!" We should add: "What a pity that it is seen!" Mr. Coates's absurdities are tame and trifling in comparison. There is, we suppose, no reason why this preposterous phenomenon should not

at once be discarded from the stage, but for the suppressed titter of secret satisfaction which circulates through the dress-boxes whenever he appears. Why does he not marry?

SOME of the fiercest criticisms of the past are to be found in the *Dramatic Censor*, which every actor (except David Garrick) must have opened with fear and trembling. Mr. Davis cannot have eaten a very hearty breakfast after reading of his performance as Benvolio: "As to that smirking self-important figure of an actor, Mr. Davis, who speaks as he walks, by a kind of instinct, and whom to mention is a waste of words, we wonder how even consummate ignorance with its constant companion could make him think of the stage; or how any manager could ever use him in any other light than as a dumb eunuch in some of the Turkish plays."

Nor were the ladies more indulgently treated than the men. "Mrs. Burton!" exclaimed the *Dramatic Censor*, and then again, "Mrs. Phillippina Burton! was the most mouthing, strutting, staring, Wapping landlady representative of poor Elizabeth, that ever tortured the two delicate senses of sight and hearing. It is impossible to say, amidst such a complication of wretchedness, whether her ungracious countenance, her lumbering figure, awkward action, wild modulation, or barbarous dialect, gave most disgust; let us advise this poetical adventurer to change her pen and tragedy sceptre for the rolling-pin or mop, and then she may become a useful member of society."

PERHAPS, however, the most violent outburst on record came from Jens Baggesen, who wrote of Mlle. Sainval in Voltaire's *Tancred* thus:

Mlle. Sainval's playing was horribly disgusting! Her mouth-twistings, blubberings, drunken-virago-antics, brewer's-draysman-liveliness, swinish tranquillity, lunatic-asylum transitions from philosophy to frenzy—her new-born-calf-like smilings, her crazy accessions of despair, her loathsome swoonings, her death, as diabolical as it was long-desired—all these things, separately and in combination, inspired me with sickness and deadly loathing! I would rather have married the filthiest creature in the rest of creation than have touched her skirt with a pair of tongs—so indescribably more than hellishly-loathsome was she to me.

After which, does it, after all, seem so very brutal to write, as we sometimes do even now, that "Miss So-and-So might, perhaps, with advantage . . ." or that "Mr. Such-and-Such will, no doubt, once he has got into his stride, repair the defects which, owing to first-night nervousness, were, in spite of his otherwise admirable performance, not quite what we should expect of such a fine actor as he has shown . . ." etc., etc.



Leo A. Leigh

Two Young Russians Who Are Making

Peter Ustinov, aged twenty, was in charge of his first West End show when he produced "Squaring the Circle," the comedy by Katayev, at the Vaudeville. He is the son of Nadia Benois (Mme. I. Ustinov), the artist, and like Maria Britnieva (see right), has been brought up in England. He first made his name with sketches and character studies at the Players' Theatre and in Mr. Farjeon's "Diversion." Now he has written a play, "House of Regrets," about White Russians living in London, which will probably be produced soon



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Their Careers in the London Theatre

Maria Britnieva has a small part, dances, and understudies Mary Morris in the Katayev play, "Squaring the Circle." As a dancer, she trained with Karsavina; as an actress, she was a scholarship student at Michel St. Denis's London Theatre Studio (where she was a contemporary of Peter Ustinov). She made her stage debut aged twelve as one of the children in "La Boutique Fantastique" and in "Concurrence" with Col. de Basil's ballet company at Covent Garden and also danced with the Massine Company. She is now nineteen

People in the Lighter News



Ann Dvorak Attends a Wedding

The famous film actress, Ann Dvorak, is now in the M.T.C. She went in uniform to the wedding of Captain E. A. Cooper and Miss Mary Barker (see page 453). With her is Flight-Lieut. Winch



Mrs. Bramwell Booth Receives a Birthday Telegram

On her eightieth birthday Mrs. Bramwell Booth, widow of General W. Bramwell Booth, of the Salvation Army, got a telegram from her daughter, Miss Mary Booth, now a prisoner in Germany. With Mrs. Booth at her home near Barnet are her grandson, Mr. Stuart Wycliffe Booth, and her sons, Mr. Bernard and Mr. Wycliffe Booth



Jack Warner helps "Littel Gel" Joan Winters to sell stamps and certificates every week to members of the cast of "Garrison Theatre" who want to contribute to the new autumn drive of the National Savings Scheme. Joan Winters is the Hon. Secretary of the "Garrison Theatre" savings branch, and officiates on the stage before the opening of the show

"Littel Gel" Sells Savings Stamps

Evans of the Broke Arranges Free Shows for Civil Defence Workers

Admiral Sir Edward Evans, London Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence, is a busy man, but was not too busy to arrange a free show of "Applesauce!" for A.R.P. workers at the London Palladium. King Haakon of Norway attended the performance with Crown Prince Olaf. They are seen with Admiral Evans (centre) and members of their staff

The Admiral officiated at another special performance, that of "Lady Behave!", for Civil Defence workers. He presented a £1000 cheque on behalf of Mrs. Sydney Waterson, wife of the High Commissioner for South Africa, to the London Fire Force Fund. Below are: Major F. W. Jackson, Chief Commander London Fire Force, Pat Kirkwood, leading lady, holding the cheque, Admiral Evans and Stanley Lupino



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

P.E.N. Club Activities

WHAT P.E.N. stands for is presumably very well known, because one is never told. Anyway, it has just been having its seventeenth international congress, with attendant high-jinks.

Writers are mostly people whose names are known, but not their faces, and their mass effect is rather like a huge church bazaar, with nodding plumed hats, waving ear-trumpets, thumping sticks, and much eager, earnest talk. However, the party given for them at the Dorchester by *La France Libre* managed to be gay, and was very well done, with drinks, snacks, speeches and an entertainment. Miss Storm Jameson spoke; so did M. André Labarthe and Mr. John Dos Passos, who, with Mr. Thornton Wilder, flew over from America for the congress. There was Czechoslovakian music, Polish singing, Laurence Olivier spoke Shakespeare, and we had a sample of the new French broadcasting period.

Mr. H. G. Wells was there; Mr. Harold Nicolson, Captain Leonard Plugge, Lady Iris Capel, Miss Betty Askwith, Colonel A. Boguslawski, and hundreds of other writers, diplomats, M.P.s, and people of all sorts and nationalities.

E.S.U.

THOSE initials are quite often said right out as English Speaking Union. The E.S.U. entertained the P.E.N. at Dartmouth House to tea and speeches by Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton and Miss Storm Jameson.

Among the non-writing public there were

the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Astor, Lady Howard of Penrith, Lady Lilian Grenfell, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, and Commissioner David Lamb.

P.E.N. members from thirty countries had got together for the congress: impressive, considering conditions. Writing, no doubt, will survive the deluge, and can be read under conditions impossible for other forms of entertainment.

Princess Royal

THE Princess Royal the other day patronised the "Spare a Trinket" Fund's stall at Harvey Nichols. This Fund, of which Mrs. Thursby-Pelham is chairman, is to raise money for the Duchess of Northumberland's A.T.S. Comforts Fund. A selection of the comforts was displayed at the side of the stall: quilts, cushions, tooth-brushes, soap, everything desirable, and a telegram from the Duchess, wishing luck to the enterprise, was pinned up.

The Princess spent some time at the stall, and her selection proved her taste and knowledge of antiques. She spotted a particularly good water-colour and a small old French print, and also bought a small, engraved copper plaque of Westminster, a blue scarab necklace, and a jade vase.

In the first week the stall made £200, and five hundred gifts were received. These come in daily: the idea is that people should bring trinkets, lace, ornaments—any saleable objects they can spare—as well as buying.



The Christening of President Roosevelt's Godchild

The baby daughter of Major and Mrs. J. P. Archer-Shee has two distinguished godparents, President Roosevelt and Miss Pauline Gower, Chief of the Women's Air Transport Auxiliary. President Roosevelt cabled his congratulations on the birth of the baby. Major Archer-Shee, the baby, Mary Pauline, in her nurse's arms, and Miss Pauline Gower were photographed after the ceremony at the Catholic Church of the Blessed Sacrament and St. Teresa, Hatfield. Major Archer-Shee is the eldest son of the late Lt.-Col. Sir Martin Archer-Shee of Ashurst, and his mother was Miss Frances Pell, of New York.

Royal Gifts

QUEEN MARY has contributed a very pretty pendant, the Queen a jade ornament, the Princess Royal a Chinese vase, the Duchess of Gloucester a gold-and-ruby powder-box, the Duchess of Kent a silver coffee-pot, Princess Arthur of Connaught a miniature, Princess Helena Victoria a silver box and an enamelled, egg-shaped vinaigrette, Princess Beatrice an amethyst cross and enamelled locket, and Lady Maud Carnegie a fascinating old, little, blurred-in-outline china King Charles spaniel, which forms the lid of a small box. All sorts of jewellery, much of it the Victorian now so admired, and other strange, intriguing objects.

Also a display of miniature silver, lent by Mrs. Thursby-Pelham.

King Peter

AMONG his activities, which has just included his coming-of-age celebrations, King Peter has been busy visiting Allied troops. After going with the Yugoslav Prime Minister to see the Polish President at the Polish Embassy, the young King went to Scotland, and was heartily received by the Polish troops stationed there.

A Yugoslav song was sung in his honour, and he had a ride in a tank. Later he took the salute at a military parade, and met General Sikorski, and next day, with the Polish President, went to see St. Andrews University, where he was welcomed by the Rector, Sir James Irvine.

Dancing Hours

FROM nine o'clock onwards the gay step out, especially on Saturday nights. At the Lansdowne, tables slope down where the cinema seats used to be; it is one of the most popular places with the young.

Those about dining, and later at a comparatively pompous night club, on an average Saturday night, included the Duke of Rutland, wearing horn-rimmed spectacles; Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, in a grey dress patterned with white; Miss Kay Stammers, now Mrs. Menzies; Mr. and



A Scottish Engagement: Miss Carmen MacGlashan and Captain Peter Forbes

A recent engagement is that of Captain Peter Forbes, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, to Miss Carmen MacGlashan. He is the son of Commander and Mrs. W. S. F. Forbes, of Steuart Hall, Stirling, and a nephew of Lieut.-Colonel Forbes of Rothiemay, Banff. He was until recently A.D.C. to Lieut.-General Sir Clive Liddell, Governor and C.-in-C. of Gibraltar, and it was there that he met Miss MacGlashan, who lived formerly in Almeria, Spain. She speaks four languages fluently. They are to be married in Scotland early in October. Captain Forbes's elder brother, Captain William Forbes, who is in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, married Miss Diana Knox in July this year.

Mrs. Roddy Thesiger (she was Mary Rose Charteris), Mr. Antony Murray, Major Robin Bushman, Mr. Iain Moncreiffe, Miss Elizabeth Sinclair, Sir Archibald Sinclair's daughter, in black; Mr. David Frazer, Mr. John Tyldesley-Jones, Lord John Manners, Lady Carolyn Howard, Captain Michael Fitzalan-Howard, and Nina Tarakanova, now dancing with the International Ballet.

Most of the young soldiers were in blue, and the girls in long dresses, and all having a jolly good time.

The Zoo

THIS institution contains more flowers than animals now, but is just as hard on the feet on a sunny day. After a good lunch at Prunier's, where Mr. David Bankes was with Mrs. Baxendale, who was Miss Althea Spicer, and Mr. Michael Scott, we captured a 74 bus and bucketed out to Regent's Park.

One of the chief reasons was the question: Do crocodiles lay eggs? Baby crocodiles are so disproportionately small, too—the whole thing got intriguing. The first keeper we asked hadn't the slightest idea either, which was disillusioning, but the second revealed that they *do* lay eggs—probably deposit them on the banks of the Nile to be hatched by the sun, as they look self-centred creatures and, with all those cruel teeth, not at all maternal.

Only one baby one to be seen, in with a lot of other scaly things, but several grown-up ones, brooding cynically.

These and Those

PEOPLE are in the restaurants and the streets. Lady Sibell Rowley and Lady Dorothea Head, originally Lygon and Ashley-Cooper respectively, were walking in Piccadilly, with long bobs to their shoulders, Lady Sibell without a hat, Lady Dorothea with a little round cap on the back of her head. Miss Elizabeth Welch was choosing shoes in Knightsbridge, in a black skirt and long, black-and-red striped jacket.

Mrs. Culme-Seymour, formerly Lady Mitchell-Cotts and originally Princess Hélène de la Tremouille, was lunching in Knightsbridge; Lord Poulett was dining at the May Fair; Miss Diana Barnato and Mr. Robert Sweeny were having drinks at the Dorchester.

By the way, the guest artists at the special *Rise Above It* matinee in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund to-day, the 24th, have been announced: Richard Tauber, Vic Oliver and Sarah Churchill.

Back from South America

THE star models who have been plugging British fashions in Buenos Aires and Rio are back, and have lately been showing uniforms at Simpson's, and plain, restrained, off-duty clothes, including town trouser-suits—though it is hard to see why trousers on women should be a sign of extra patriotism: they must use more stuff than skirts, apart from anything else. A saving in stockings is put forward as a reason, but surely something besides shoes on the feet is essential in the winter.

The models had an adventurous journey to South America, when their ship was dive-bombed several times, but a peaceful trip back. Miss Suzanne Hood has acquired a pet snake, presented to her on an official visit to the Brazilian Government snake farm at San Paulo. It kept escaping on the way back, to the horror of passengers and crew.

Charities in the North

LADY GRAHAM opened the Horticultural Show at Longtown, near Carlisle, in aid

of war charities, and for which there were nearly four hundred and fifty entries.

A church garden fête, for the War Damage Insurance Fund, was held at Mrs. Ward's lovely home at Lockers, with good results. There was a fortune-teller called Madame Ziska, who was popular.

And at Scarborough, the Mayoress opened a garden party in aid of the Sailors' Wool Fund. The Vicar introduced the Mayoress, who was thanked by Lady Downe, and presented with a bouquet by young John Dawnay.

Cottesmore Country

MR. "CHATTY" HILTON-GREENE has started cub-hunting, and is planning to hunt possibly two days a week, and anyway on Saturday, mostly for the benefit of people on leave—most of the hunting people are busy with war-work, and, of course, feeding-stuff cannot be allowed for more than a minimum of hounds and horses.

Lord Lonsdale's home is in the neighbourhood, and he is dug in with a collection of Stilton cheeses, laid down in the past like port. He remains a wonderful specimen of a generation now almost entirely past, when life was well caparisoned with comfort, pomp, pleasure, leisure, and so on.



The Princess Royal at an A.T.S. Camp

The Princess Royal, accompanied by Chief Controller Mrs. Jean Knox, paid a visit to an A.T.S. camp, where she talked to newly-joined recruits during her tour of inspection. H.R.H. is Controller Commandant of the Force. Mrs. Jean Knox, the thirty-three-year-old Director of the A.T.S., was formerly in charge of recruiting new volunteers.

Two Corrections

In our issue of August 20th we stated that Captain Ian Bowater was the son of Mr. Noel Vansittart Bowater. This is incorrect. Captain Ian Bowater and Captain Noel Bowater, M.C., are brothers, and are the sons of Sir Frank Bowater, Bt., and Lady Bowater, who celebrate their golden wedding next week, on October 3rd.

In our issue of September 10th we published a picture of Lady Donegall presenting a wireless set to Colonel H. P. Mitchell, M.P., Welfare Officer of the Anti-Aircraft Command. This was not a gift of the ladies of the Canadian Red Cross, as we were erroneously informed, but was presented by the Canadian Women's Club, and was one of many sets which have been sent out by them to isolated A.A. and Searchlight units.



Queen Mary at a Y.M.C.A. Hut

The new Bernard Baron Y.M.C.A. Hut in Calne, Wiltshire, had a visit recently from Queen Mary. Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Strugnell, Miss Luff, Miss Burness, Queen Mary, Mrs. Edward Baron, Miss Earle, Lady Violet Benson and Mr. Hockeridge, the hut leader, were photographed during the Royal visit.

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Bringing War Home

AMERICANS are infinitely more alive to their danger, and thus to the realities of this war, since the eastern seaboard came under a 7 p.m. "curfew" forbidding the sale of petrol during the night, and since thousands of women stampeded the hosiery counters for fear their lovely legs might have to rely exclusively upon liquid stockings for the duration.

Such a broad governmental hint of real sacrifice to come, accepted together with vast new taxation which embraces the lower brackets, hitherto almost untouchable, arms the United States against its own besetting apathy more than all the Allied propaganda in ink and air.

British Talent Registers

OUR Norah Howard is rehearsing for *The Wookey*, a comedy expected to do business on Broadway; Charles Morgan is to lecture a number of Southern colleges this semester (his wife, Hilda Vaughan, has been living in New Hampshire); and beautiful Jessica Stonor, after exhibiting her sculptures in New York and consigning them to a road tour, looks for new heads.

Geraldine FitzGerald (handsome Mrs. Lindsay-Hogg) takes the lead in *Lottie Dundass*, a play by the inimitable Enid Bagnold, of *National Velvet*. This gives the British Isles a double interest in Selznick's new theatre company at Santa Monica, Cal., which Dame May Whitty and her husband have joined.

Somewhere in the south-west, "Peggy" de Gripenberg, much saddened by events in Finland, is writing her life, from childhood in Cheshire to the Great War as a sixteen-year-old ambulance driver, then Serbia with an American relief unit, followed by several years' work for the American Red Cross, alone among the Red Indians; then Washington, marriage to her diplomat; en poste in South America; in love with Finland; a London hostess and, finally, this war, in which, like so many others, she lost her home in a dignified London square. The last chapter finds her a refugee mother and uneasy patriot, Finland and England equally engraved on her resilient heart, which remains charged with hope and good humour.

Work and Play

GRACE MOORE is singing to the Latin Americans; Sophie Tucker has followed Hildegarde (who flopped) at Saratoga, where the

yearling sales show an average considerably below last year's figures; Mrs. Bartle Bull, with Rominica Bull and Bartle Junior, is striking a domestic note at Southampton, L.I., while at Bar Harbor, another conservative resort, Mrs. Julie Thompson has turned every man's pockets inside out for Bundles for Britain, whose tireless executive, the Duchess of Leinster, on tour in Canada, writes from Buffalo Head Ranch, Pekisko, somewhere beyond High River, Alberta: "This is a glorious and a primitive world! No female banshee could equal the hysterical uproar of the coyotes who give tongue above my cabin to the light of the moon."

Mr. J. P. Morgan's Present

"BUNDLES" will benefit by the sale at Gimbels department store of the furnishings and fittings of the two-million-dollar yacht Corsair, now in the service of Great Britain.

Mr. Morgan gave the whole box of tricks to Mrs. Wales Latham at the end of June, hence the forthcoming sale at Gimbels, where pictures, silver, and antique jewellery belonging to the Dukes of Portland, Devonshire and Marlborough, the late Baron Leopold de Rothschild, Lord Robert Cavendish, H.R.H. Princess Marie-Louise, Mr. W. R. Hearst, and the late Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, are also for sale.

You Can't Do That Here

MR. MORGAN'S handsome present was under discussion when Mrs. Harie Lindeborg (whose Londoner brother, Gerald Krech, became a British subject a few years ago) contributed this sailing-into-the-wind anecdote.

Some years ago she wanted to send a telegram of good wishes to the owner of the yacht Mistress, before a big race. Seeing that she had drafted a message including "good luck," a yachtsman on the party pointed out that it is bad luck to wish good luck to a sailor, so on her way to the telephone she recast the message as follows: "Hope Mistress exceeds your best expectations." A few minutes later the telegraph company called her back to say they could not accept her telegram as it contained an impropriety. Her blushing explanation was regarded as poney, and the message never went.

Quite recently the *New Yorker* had an article on similar innocent telegrams which Western Union will not transmit. Meanwhile "Kiddiegrams," or set messages for children covering

a variety of circumstances, afford an extremely risqué code for collegiate flirtations at only twenty-six cents per.

Male Bo-Peep

H. H. ROGERS, JR., son of the late Colonel H. H. Rogers, of Standard Oil, by his artist wife, Mrs. Benjamin Rogers, enjoys a fine reputation for eccentricity.

This brother of Millicent Rogers Salm-Hoogstraten-Ramos-Balcom, has been in trouble with the Village Council of Bethel, Connecticut, for keeping sheep on his lawn, because he prefers them to a mower. After a long-drawn battle in verse between Mr. Rogers and the local undertaker, who rushed to the defence of the village board as warmly as his ancestors had defended Bethel from the British, the lambs were removed. Then Mrs. Rogers, who was a hat-check girl in a night club, wisely removed her husband to the very far west. Bethel, in case you don't know, was the birthplace of P. T. Barnum, father of the modern circus.

Horse and Buggy Taxation

THAT Mr. Arthur Glasgow, late of London, writes almost as well as his best-seller sister, the novelist Ellen Glasgow, is apparent to all who follow the American Press which he bombards with trenchant letters on current affairs. Born to be a hard-hitting reformer, it seems a thousand pities his energy has been given to big business, but that, alas! is the American way; few outstandingly able men having improved politics in this century.

Mr. Glasgow (known only to many English socialites as the father of "Marjorie," Mrs. Ambrose Congreve) is presently fulminating against the "anti-social consequences of the discriminatory super-tax incorporated in the current Revenue Bill, on married couples living together." He finds the measure "so grossly unjust that in 'horse-and-buggy' days it would have been declared unconstitutional." He thinks public confidence will be shaken in a Government "which in the same breath declares that husband and wife are one and indissoluble for purposes of surtax, but divided as the poles for gift-tax and death-duty." Mr. Glasgow opines "the argument that we should be following British precedent in unifying married income" is worthless, and views the future with alarm. "Such taxation of family life would discourage marriage, stimulate the present recklessness of divorce, justify separation of couples who cannot otherwise provide for children and dependants, and in critical cases lead to living in sin instead of wedlock." Mr. G. may be right, but I cannot help believing that marriage is too sound an institution to be bought off. Americans who want to stay married will do so even if it costs more.



Spectators at Saratoga Races—the American Deauville

Mrs. William Ziegler, Jr., is the Irish-American wife of a well-known owner; she was Miss Helen Murphy. Her millionaire husband helped to bring a number of Czech refugees to America, and is sponsoring them there

Mrs. John Stuart Martin flew to Saratoga from New York for an afternoon's racing. She is the younger daughter of Sir Ashley and Lady Sparks, of New York and Long Island. Her father is resident-director of the Cunard Line in the U.S.A.

Mrs. Warren Wright of Chicago is the wife of another millionaire. Her husband owns Whirlaway, 1941 Triple Crown winner (Kentucky Derby, Preakness, and Belmont), and considered the best colt in the United States for many years. He won again at Saratoga

American Hospital

A Visit to the Harvard Red Cross Field Unit in Great Britain



Chief nurse is British-born Miss Gertrude Madley, supervisor of the Contagious Division of a Detroit hospital. She was trained at Swansea, did active nursing service in the last war, became an American citizen in 1934. Above, she watches some of the nursing staff making dressings and bandages

Director of the hospital is Dr. John E. Gordon, Professor of Preventive Medicine and Epidemiology at Harvard University. On the left he is with Mrs. Helen Johnson, assistant superintendent, and Mrs. Charles Elcock, superintendent



The ubiquitous V and a Red X are painted on the wall of a ward by a corduroy-trousered young nurse

It was in January that Dr. John E. Gordon crossed the Atlantic with plans for an American Red Cross-Harvard University Hospital for Infectious Diseases to be established in Britain. After him came the hospital itself, twenty-two buildings in sections ready to be fitted together, complete with light, heat, and water services, laboratories, and full equipment. Then came the staff—professors, doctors, research experts, nurses—all picked men and women who have broken the smooth course of their professional lives to work and study under war conditions. Fifteen nurses arrived in July after being in the torpedoed Naasdam, twenty-two more landed from the same ships that brought thousands of Canadian soldiers here a few weeks ago. Six nurses lost their lives in an earlier crossing. The organisation now established in the south-west of England includes the hospital proper, research laboratories for clinical studies in epidemiology, and a field unit for study in epidemiology and infectious diseases. 400,000 dollars a year come from America to finance the whole unit, three-quarters from the American Red Cross, a quarter from Harvard University. The absence of epidemics so far in this country is one of the unit's first subjects of investigation



Research is an important part of the unit's work, and is financed—£25,000 a year—directly by Harvard University. Here, Mr. William Ceode, the chief technician, Nurse Jackson and Nurse Hathaway work in a laboratory

Bicycles carry the staff away from the hospital on exploring expeditions



Lunch brings the staff together in the dining-hall. Miss Madley, the chief nurse, and Mrs. Elcock, the superintendent, are second and third from the left



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

VENISON seems to be plentiful at the moment, so stags and deer must be taking the knock in numbers somewhere. Let's hope there are still emotional hearts to weep for them, like that auntie who cast a wreath into the sea off Minehead a few years ago, indignantly mourning the innocent victim of blood-crazed, sport-mad Man. (She ought to have had a chat with a local farmer or two.)

If they are also oppressed and despised by purple foxhunters ("nasty great lollopin' beggars"—Mr. Jorrocks), it's probably the fault of British stag-hunts for not asserting themselves more. You used to see the sport in its proper glory in France. In happier days the historic French packs—e.g. that of the Duchesse d'Uzès—would before long be thinking of their invitations for the Feast of St. Hubert, patron of hunters (November 3), and the opening meet. Up to the war those traditional ceremonies of the Old Régime never varied: Low Mass in the château chapel at 9 a.m., followed by the blessing of the pack; breakfast at 10; meet at 11, the Hunt in pink, the *piqueurs* in their old-time liveries, and possibly cocked hats, horns merrily blowing. The final *hallali* and what the Highland Scots call

the grailloch were equally ritual. The stag, knifed to the heart with one clean stroke to a fanfare of horns and whip-cracks, was broken up and fed to the pack in a semi-circle of fragrant brushwood bonfires, and the Hunt dispersed for cocktails.

Portrait

POST-WAR British stag-hunts, if any, which revived some of these ancestral pomps might no longer be classed by haughty foxhunting Mohocks with the jelly-dog boys, even if they carted the same old stag and never killed. What makes them so shy and self-conscious is probably that Landseer picture which overhangs 25,000,000 British hat-stands. The Monarch of the Glen looks too much like people's aunt, we've always thought.

Canard

As if the B.B.C. Brains Trust boys had not enough to put up with already, some licentious scribbler has been spreading the story that a stuffed owl, presented by admirers, has now joined the solemn company, to the intense indignation of Profs. Joad and Huxley.

To anyone who knows the B.B.C. Variety Department this is an obvious fabrication. No impresario at Broadcasting House would dare let a stuffed owl steal the show. Even though lack of television would deprive the public unfortunately of a glimpse of the new Brains Trust star, looking worthy, glassy-eyed, dignified, scientific, and wiser and maybe more attractive and even dumber than anybody, its mere presence would infallibly wreck the ensemble. The same applies to stuffed fish.

We remember an evening as a guest in the Flyfishers' Club when a noted sportsman and raconteur—what the eighteenth century used to call an agreeable rattle—told many amusing stories, the point of nearly all being damped because he kept glancing nervously over his shoulder at a large glazed salmon, or pike, with a dubious, rather sneering expression. (You may have noted that no member of this eminent club—we speak under correction—has ever published one of those racy memoir-volumes clubmen are apt to publish, called either *Behind the Scenes in Bohemia* or *A Mixed Bag*; *With Rod, Pole, and Perch from Mayfair to 'Mbongoland*.)



"Look, Emily!—oil!!"

Warning

OBVIOUSLY therefore one stuffed owl would kill the Brains Trust show stone-dead. That flow of omniscience would dry up. You can't be portentously oracular with a bird like that looking at you. "Attention!" wrote Erik Satie on the score halfway through one of his brilliant, cock-eyed pianoforte works, "*un singe vous regarde!*" This warning must have sobered many a hysterical performer, yet how much more disciplinary and disturbing is the steady gaze of a stuffed owl!

Well the B.B.C. knows these things, or why are our dumb friends, including cricketers, barred from all studios during a performance? Hey? You can't answer it.

Sanctions

AUNTIE Times, remarking recently that in Italian opera-houses "the applause is almost as important as the high note for which it waits," either forgot or (the refined old haybag) ignored the equally interesting corollary, namely that when an operatic star fluffs the note, the Italian audience gives him (or her) merry hell.

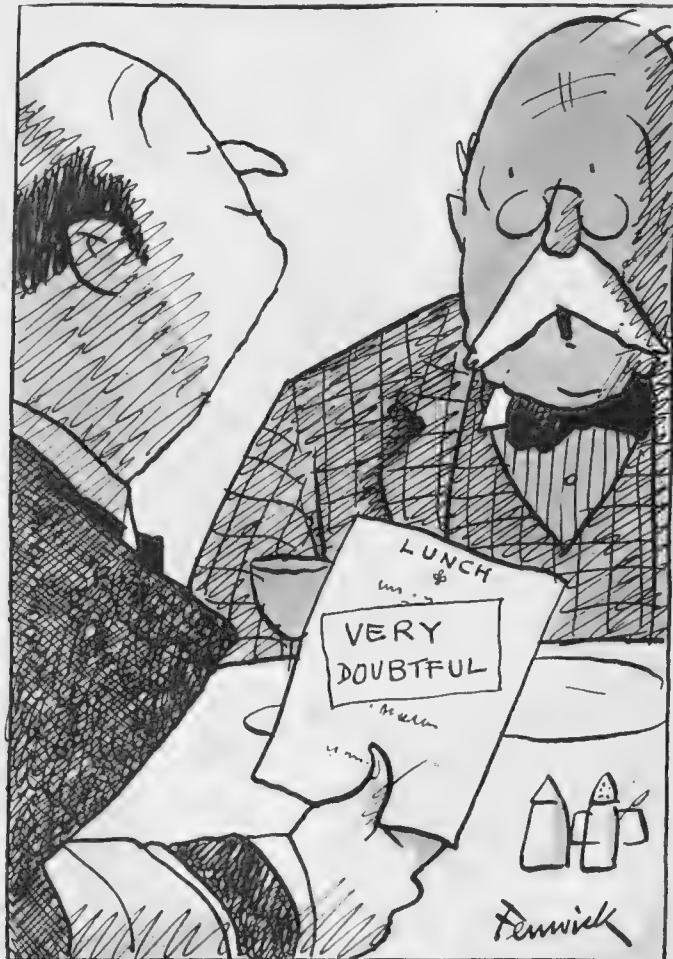
Arnold Bennett was charmed by this at the Scala, Milan, and we've detected it even in lovely, kindly Siena. Where the Island Race, easy-going, less critical, less familiar with the music, and always anxious to do the decent thing, applauds everything without discrimination, the Italians when annoyed by bad singing break into whistling and catcalls of an exquisite savagery, and sometimes chuck cushions. Our feeling is that they are right, on principle. The Race is apt to be over-docile, as one of Auntie's boys remarked when a patient herd at a recent Albert Hall muddle found there weren't reserved seats for it, and made no moan.

As the law stands, a chap assures us who has often resented West End theatrical attempts to spoil his evening, you can be ejected for hissing—as for brawling at Lord's, or in church—and an action may lie. However, there is an annihilating American custom of quietly getting up and leaving in a steady stream which baffles the torturers, they say.

Dowser

LIEUT.-GENERAL EDWARD QUINAN, G.O.C. Waziristan, is—reports a gossip—an expert water-diviner, or dowser, and having out-dowed the chief local dowser is now regarded by the Waziris as Big Medicine and Strong Magic.

(Concluded on page 444)



"I'm afraid there's a touch of whimsy in our menu to-day, sir!"

Mothers and Sons

In-the-Garden Pictures of the
Young Heirs of a Soldier and a
Sailor, Taken at The Hampshire
Homes of Their Grandparents

Photographs by
Compton Collier



Mrs. Richard Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe and Niall Hamilton

Niall Hamilton Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe is the year-old son and heir of Major Richard Hamilton Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, O.B.E., Royal Scots Greys. His father is the only son of Sir FitzRoy and the Hon. Lady Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, at whose home, Elvetham Hall, Hants., this photograph was taken. His mother, before her marriage in 1939, was Nancy Malcolmson, and is the daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. V. A. Malcolmson, and a niece of Lord Belper. Major Calthorpe saw active service in the Norwegian campaign last year, and he was awarded the O.B.E. (Mil.) at that time.



Mark Litchfield-Speer was born in November last year, and is the son of Commander and Mrs. John Litchfield-Speer. His parents were married in the first week of the war. Mrs. Litchfield-Speer was Miss Margaret Portal, and is the third daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Bertram and the Hon. Lady Portal, a cousin of Lord Portal and a niece of Lord Hatherton. She and her small son were photographed at her parents' home, Southington, Overton, Hants.

Mrs. Litchfield-Speer and Mark

Standing By ...

(Continued)

We don't altogether blame the Waziris, knowing a crabbed rustic character in whose knobbly hand, as he paces some heath or meadow, the forked twig suddenly twists over of itself with such violence that you instantly suspect the black arts. Each time this happens professionally they find spring or running water under the exact spot, at any depth from six feet to twenty. We've never found anybody to explain this rare and mystic gift (which ought incidentally to make its owner's fortune in the City whenever there's a new stock-issue). Like the gift of charming warts, it's apparently born to you, and not only born countrymen have it, either. The late Neil Lyons, playwright-author of *London Pride* and other East End romances, was an unerring dowser; a peculiarly futile art, as he often explained, in the hands of one who had no great enthusiasm for water at any time.

Snag

DOWSING is undoubtedly a social accomplishment; not apt to set the average London cocktail or dinner-party by the ears, maybe, but causing great fun and amusement (we expect) at country houses on wet Sunday afternoons. Distinguish carefully between "dowser" and "wowser," a rude Australian word—though Heaven knows "dowser" itself can sound pretty bad, as we gathered from the appalled expression of a deafish old lady to whom we once pointed one out at a tea-party. "Oh, dear," she said. "Oh, dear! And his family are such nice normal people, too!"

Ghosts

HUGH WALPOLE apparently left an unfinished novel, another of that "Herries" series which, people tell us, is pretty long but does you no harm, like a dead electric eel. His executors are now wondering whether they ought to call in some other conscientious booksy worker to finish it.

The only previous case of the kind we remember offhand is that of Robert Louis Stevenson's novel, *St. Ives*, which was completed by that fine craftsman Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch so skilfully that you hardly notice the join. Naturally we're thinking of decent above-board cases. Probably more than one stout, rosy-best-seller of the moment, rolling in dough and issuing national messages right and left, hires some poor old man in a Southwark by-street, or some dim-eyed seamstress toiling nightly in a Hackney slum, to write his stuff for a miserable wage. This is a commonplace of the racket, and one could often wish these boys chose their "ghosts" as cleverly as the Elder Dumas, whose anonymous drudges could all spell, punctuate, twirl a skilful pen, and invent exciting situations.

Illusion

THAT our tireless endeavours to get a Royal Commission to enquire into sweated labour conditions in the booksy racket have earned us the undying hatred of the big shots goes without saying. As we expected, nobody raised the question at the recent P.E.N. Club International Mutual Admiration Congress, though we had previously implored one of the delegates to do so, believing him to be less yellow than the rest. Illusion! Like that discreet Arab chieftain Doughty met in Arabia Deserta, the average booksy boy would rather spend his time among the women, combing and perfuming his beard before the glass, than show his fine skin the flying bullets and the speary warfare.

Snoop

EVEN those (very few) Irishmen who know nothing about Ængus of the Birds, the High Queens Maeve, Fand, and Deirdre of the Sorrows, Caoilte and Niamh, Grania and Diarmuid, Baile and Ailinn, Forgael and Dectora, and all their high shadowy company, know all about the Irish peer's daughter who hid in the grandfather clock and became the only woman Freemason in history. To our mild surprise we found this folktale soberly repeated in the recent *Times* obituary of Lord Doneraile.

It was circa 1710, apparently, when the Honble. Elisabeth St. Leger was about 17, that the Freemasons of Cork held a lodge one night in the house of her father, Viscount Doneraile, and the naughty girl hid herself and peeked at the ceremonial; for which, having discovered her, they were forced to admit her to the secret oaths. Portraits of her in a masonic apron still exists, it seems. The story can be heard in any Irish pub and is quoted in *Ulysses*, and it's just one more example of the lengths to which women will go to satisfy their evil curiosity. Corkmen have beautiful soft voices and an acid wit. We imagine Miss St. Leger's dainty pink ears burned red for some time after, the little baggage.

Footnote

CHAPS often write to us asking how to cope with this evil. The only way we know is the familiar pre-war method of dealing with debutantes who, having "come out," were asked formally by the Lord Chamberlain to "go in" again, for Heaven's sake. Charming upholstered boxes for keeping these rejects in could (and probably still can) be obtained from the Mayfair Stores, 256, Old Bond Street, complete with feed-trays, swing-rings, and sliding unbreakable glass panels enabling the fair captive to make faces at the company.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Strikes me, Serge, that a picture postcard of Moscow is just about all Napoleon junior will ever ruddy well see of it"



Champion High Jumper

Miss Margaret Bradshaw, on Silver Mint, was the winner of the Juveniles Champion High Jump at the Scamperdale "Pick up your Whip" Horse Show. Proceeds of the show were given to the St. John Prisoners of War Fund, and 1500 people were present

"Pick Up Your Whip"

In Aid of Charity: the Scamperdale Horse Show at Edenbridge, Kent



Lookers-On

Lieut. Stephen Vernon and Sec.-Lieut. Michael Rawlence, Irish Guards, were two spectators of the afternoon's events. Lieut. Vernon married the Duke of Westminster's daughter in October 1940. His wife was President of the Show



Organiser and President

Mr. Sam Marsh, who organised, Major Willoughby Holland and Lady Ursula Vernon watched the sport together. Lady Ursula is the Duke of Westminster's eldest daughter, and is herself an excellent horsewoman



Three Spectators and a Judge

Mrs. P. Blackmore, wife of one of the judges, Mrs. G. L. Pethick, Major G. L. Pethick and Colonel G. W. Meade found seats to their liking. Mrs. Pethick, who is in the M.T.C., was judge for the driving events



Is it Sugar?

Two competitors in the children's classes were Miss Heather Cooper and her grey pony. Other events included gymkhana and driving races, high jump and dog competitions

Lunch Interval



Some of those who had their lunch out of doors were Captain Ependarves Paynter, Miss D. MacEwan, Miss M. MacEwan, Captain A. MacEwan, Michael MacEwan and Cecil Paynter



Family Party

Angela Goad was a competitor in the children's events, and her mother, Mrs. R. Goad, and her brother Timothy looked on



"You may call me a liar and a cheat if I let the sale go through"

Gaev (Nicholas Hannen) and his nieces, Anya (Olive Layton) and Varya (Rosalind Atkinson), discuss, in the small hours of the morning, the problem of whether his sister's cherry orchard need or need not be sold



"Thank you, Firs, you dear old fellow"

Mme. Ranevskaya (Athene Seyler), home from Paris, greets Firs (O. B. Clarence), her family's old servant. Behind is Lopahin (James Dale), who wants her to cut her cherry orchard down and build bungalows on the land



"Let's go on with the conversation we had yesterday"

"The Cherry Orchard"

An Old Vic Production of Tchekov's
Play at the New Theatre

The Cherry Orchard follows ballet, opera and Shakespeare's *King John* at the New Theatre, continuing a programme which, as Mr. Farjeon said two weeks ago in his review of the play, has made that theatre "the home of all that is best in theatrical London." Like the ballet, the opera and *King John*, the Tchekov play is performed by a Vic-Wells company, headed in this case by Athene Seyler, and was produced by Tyrone Guthrie. At the end of the run at the New, the company will disappear, from the London point of view, into the provinces once more; they are taking *The Cherry Orchard* on a tour which begins with Brighton, Exeter, Oxford, Harrogate and Cambridge. The Vic-Wells ballet returns to the New on September 29th

Left: Act II ends with a truly Russian conversation piece in the light of the setting sun. Round Mme. Ranevskaya and her daughters, Anya and Varya (Athene Seyler, Olive Layton and Rosalind Atkinson), are grouped Lopahin (James Dale), old Firs (O. B. Clarence), Gaev (Nicholas Hannen) and Trofimov (Walter Hudd)

Right: Lopahin (James Dale), who has just bought the cherry orchard, finds his triumph an empty one, and weeps at the feet of the sorrowing Mme. Ranevskaya (Athene Seyler). Behind stands Pischik (Stanford Holme), a neighbour as impecunious as Mme. Ranevskaya is improvident



"To one who is madly in love, this is a mandoline"

Epikhodov (James Gibson), the gloomy clerk, is "madly in love" with the pretty maid, Dunyasha (Dorothy Baird). But she is infatuated with Mme. Ranevska's handsome, insolent young footman, Yasha (James Donald). The sportswoman is Charlotta (Lucy Griffiths), the governess who never has anyone to talk to

"I wish this wretched life was different; we are all so out of tune"



"Forward, be not faint-hearted, all Russia is our garden"

Trofimov (Walter Hudd), "the eternal student," begins his intellectual romance with the receptive Anya (Olive Layton) by telling her his dreams of a new Russia in which he and she can go forward together



"Oh, my darling cherry orchard, my sweet lovely cherry orchard"

Mme. Ranevska (Athene Seyler) and her brother, Gaev (Nicholas Hannen), say good-bye to the cherry orchard, where already the axes of Lopahin's woodcutters are falling with the sound of doom on the beloved trees

Photographs by Angus McBean



Elliott and Fry

Mrs. Somerset de Chair
Mrs. Somerset de Chair was Miss Thelma Arbuthnot, and married the M.P. for S.W. Norfolk in 1932. They have two sons. Mr. de Chair, a son of Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair, was recently reported wounded. He has written books on politics and two novels.



Mrs. G. N. Hodgson-Wilson

Mrs. G. N. Hodgson-Wilson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Parsons, formerly of Winkbourne Hall, Southwell, Notts., and is a descendant of the Earls of Rosse. Her husband, Captain Hodgson-Wilson, served in the B.E.F. in the last war, and was later on the staff of Lord Chelmsford and of the Duke of Connaught.

Harlip



Bertram Park

Mrs. P. N. Phizackerley
Mrs. Phizackerley was a July bride. She was Miss Dorothea Rodwell, younger daughter of Sir Cecil Rodwell, formerly Governor and C.-in-C. of British Guiana and Southern Rhodesia, and Lady Rodwell, of Woodlands, Holbrook, Suffolk. She married Major Peter N. Phizackerley, R.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Phizackerley, of Elm Park Court, Pinner. She is a member of the M.T.C.



Mrs. Hervey Stuart Black
Mrs. Stuart Black is the wife of Captain Hervey Stuart Black and a daughter of Major-General Sir Cecil and Lady Pen. Her husband is a son of Captain Stuart Black, of Clarendon Manor, Bath, and works at the War Office. Her father is Area Organiser for the Home Guard, London.

Young Marrieds



Mrs. Erroll Prior-Palmer

Harlip



Yvonne Gregory

Mrs. Pollard-Urquhart

The wife of Major Bruce E. A. Pollard-Urquhart, R.E., of Craigston Castle, Turriff, Aberdeenshire, is the only daughter of the late Mr. Percy Alexander Koppel and Mrs. Koppel. Mrs. Pollard-Urquhart looks after her daughter, Mary Belinda, born last year, works at forestry in the Forest of Dean and does canteen work.

Harlip
Black
Perrera.
Lawton
feather is
on Area



Catherine Bell

Mrs. F. P. Barclay

Mrs. F. P. Barclay (left) was Miss Rosemary Parker Jervis, and married in August 1940 Captain Francis Peter Barclay, of Kipton House, Weasenham, King's Lynn, and of Cromer. Captain Barclay, who was wounded in France last year, while serving with the Royal Norfolk Regiment, was the first officer of the B.E.F. to be decorated, and received the M.C. Mrs. Barclay is the only daughter of the late Major E. M. Parker Jervis and Mrs. Parker Jervis, of Farndon Hall, Chester

Lord and Lady Dudley, of Mear House, Kempsey, Worcestershire, were married last July. Lady Dudley (below) was Miss Kirsten Albrechtsen, daughter of Herr L. Albrechtsen, of Vibsig, Denmark. Lord Dudley is a Squadron-Leader in the R.A.F.V.R. He succeeded to the Barony in 1936, on the death of his father



Harlip

Mrs. Allan Noble

Married to Lieut.-Commander Allan Noble, R.N., in 1938, Mrs. Noble is a daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Kenneth Gabbett. Her husband is the eldest son of Admiral Sir Percy Noble, Commander-in-Chief, Western Approaches. His brother, Lieut. Charles Noble, R.N.V.R., married Admiral Ronald Hopwood's daughter last year



Pearl Freeman

Lady Dudley

Mrs. Erroll Prior-Palmer, who is in the M.T.C., is the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Prior-Palmer, 9th Lancers, commanding a battalion of the Derbyshire Yeomanry. She is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bibby and a granddaughter of the late Lady Stanley Clarke. Lieut.-Colonel Prior-Palmer is a well-known polo player, and was reserve for the English team who played America in 1936

With Silent Friends

By Christopher St. John

A Brilliant Young Novelist

IN Mr. Patrick White's new novel, *The Living and the Dead* (Routledge; 9s.), which should make those critics who saw such great promise in his first book, *Happy Valley*, congratulate themselves on their discernment, Elyot Standish, a character we have good reason for identifying with his creator, compares his writing-table to "the operating table on which you dissected other people's minds. To lay bare their faults, the little manias, the unsuspected vices." We are often reminded of the operating table in *The Living and the Dead*; Mr. White's incisive pen has much in common with the surgeon's scalpel. He cuts open the minds of his characters, and shows us what the inner structure looks like, stripped of its façade. You are almost tricked by the definiteness of the demonstration into thinking that the anatomy of the mind is an exact science like the anatomy of the body. But of course it is not. Mr. White has nothing to go on but speculation about the nature of the things he dissects. I do not believe that, generally speaking, our mental and emotional processes are nearly as complicated as he makes out. But his subjects are nearly all introverts. A mind always turned inwards upon itself may work in the way he describes.

Although "laying bare" the inner, secret life of the Standish family, and of people of all sorts and conditions with whom they are brought in contact, is Mr. White's chief purpose, he is not too much preoccupied with it to neglect their exterior life altogether. He relates the history of each character in

detail, beginning at the end in the characteristically modern manner. For instance, we first meet Elyot Standish seeing off his sister, Eden, at Victoria Station. (She is going to Spain, we find out in the last chapter where beginning and end are united, to do something for the Republican cause for which her lover, a Communist workman, has fought and died.) She stood at the window of the train, and waved. "A short, nervous, jerky wave. Because they had always been a bit ashamed of any gesture they spent upon each other." Elyot goes home, "though the landscape of his own mind" is much less remote to him than Ebury Street. Of all the mute voices in that deserted house his dead mother's was the most persistent. "I exasperate my children," said Mrs. Standish, "expectant as a martyr." The exasperation remained, renewed itself even now at the sight of her photograph. "There was the picture of the girl in the little sealskin cap and tippet, the hands hidden in a muff to match, a bright button-eyed face, almost too eager for its frame." Elyot's mind is cut open, his thoughts, as he wanders through the empty house, laid bare. "This was a receptacle. They were two receptacles," he felt, "the one containing the material possessions of those who had lingered in its rooms, the other the aspirations of those he had come in contact with. Even that emotional life he had not experienced himself, but sensed, seemed somehow, to have grown explicit. It was as if this emanated from the walls to find interpretation and shelter in his mind. So that the

two receptacles were clearly united now. . . . Alone, he was yet not alone, uniting as he did the themes of so many other lives."

The theme of the life of the girl in the sealskin cap, then Kitty Goose, afterwards Mrs. Standish, Elyot's exasperating mother, is the dominating one. Mr. White writes variation after variation on it. In one he describes young Mrs. Standish's attitude to her husband, after she has proof of his infidelity. ("It was queer," thought Willy Standish's conventional 'county' mother, "to have a son who left the Army to become a painter," a son who married common little Kitty Goose, an elementary school-mistress.) "She made him feel how remote and superior and all-informed she was, without either of them ever coming to the nature of the information. But her smile suggested she saw through Willy Standish, his gestures and his motives. . . . 'Working?' she sometimes asked in the evening. Her voice, her smile, transposed the word, giving it an accent of disbelief. It irritated him to hear her ask about his work as if it was a game, and it was, which was what made it hurt." I quote this to show how much Mr. White can get out of one moment in a life.

The last variation on the Mrs. Standish theme shows her as an elderly woman, with an overwhelming desire to prove nature wrong, having a love-affair with a youthful saxophonist in a mauve suit. "Wally's bit," "Wally's old girl," the boys in the jazz band call her. A painful variation. Mrs. Standish experiencing the truth of Chesterton's line: "The follies of our youth become the shame of age." But only cloudily, her ruthless dissector points out, "She had always deliberately chosen to live in a cloud. It helped her to blur the too emphatic line of facts."

The theme of Elyot, beginning with the days when he was "mostly fist and top-knot" (a good description of an infant); the theme of Eden, "looking at herself critically from all sides at once," seeking relief from sex in the *Capital* of Marx; the

(Concluded on page 452)



At the Opening of the P.E.N. International Congress

Sir Malcolm Robertson, chairman of the British Council, opened the first session of the P.E.N. International Congress at the Institut Français. Margaret Storm Jameson, president of the P.E.N., gave a brilliant and moving presidential address. Herman Ould is the international secretary of the P.E.N. The list of foreign speakers at the Congress was a very distinguished one, including many famous refugee writers, and there was a strong contingent of delegates from America



At the Wedding of Sir George Trevelyan's Daughter

Mr. Tobias Rushton Weaver, son of the late Sir Lawrence and Lady Weaver, and Miss Marjorie Trevelyan, third of the four daughters of Sir George Trevelyan, Bt., and Lady Trevelyan, of Wallington, Cambo, Northumberland, were married at Jordans Meeting House, Bucks. With the bride and bridegroom are Lady Cripps, who with her husband gave Mr. Weaver a home after he was orphaned, and Sir Charles Trevelyan, the bride's father. He is a former President of the Board of Education, and a brother of G. M. Trevelyan, the historian

Leaders of Opinion

No. 3. The Editor of the "News Chronicle"

Gerald Reid Barry became Managing Editor of the *News Chronicle* in 1936, and has for five years followed an editorial policy that has made his paper one of the most independent, well-informed (especially on foreign affairs), respected and readable of the penny dailies. He is the son of a clergyman, went to Marlborough and Cambridge, and, aged eighteen, into the R.F.C. He left the R.A.F. as a captain in 1919 and spent two years free-lancing for various London papers. In 1921, aged twenty-two, he joined the staff of the *Saturday Review* as assistant editor, becoming its editor three years later. His career on that paper came to a dramatic end in 1930 when he and almost the entire staff resigned on account of the proprietor's proposal to make the *Saturday Review* an instrument of Lord Beaverbrook's Empire Crusade policy. Only twelve days after their walk-out, Barry and his followers made journalistic news again by producing the first number of the *Week-end Review*. During this journal's short but brilliant career, Barry, who was assisted by three more Gerald's—Heard, Bullett and Gould—became keenly interested in economics, was one of the co-founders of Political and Economic Planning, and published in his paper the first "National Plan for Britain." Max Nicholson was then assistant editor. In 1934 the *Week-end Review* was merged with the *New Statesman and Nation*, of which Barry is now a director, and he himself went to the *News Chronicle* as features editor, becoming managing editor two years later. He married the daughter of Mr. Justice Rigg, and has a son and a daughter

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The Editor discusses foreign affairs with Corporal Vernon Bartlett, M.P., of the Home Guard. Bartlett, foreign-affairs specialist of the "News Chronicle," is now in Moscow, on temporary leave of absence on Government service, and will shortly be returning to duty on the staff of the paper



Gerald Barry, at forty-two, is one of the youngest and most courageous of our national daily editors. He has been in journalism for twenty years

At one of the editorial conferences, at which the news and features of the next issue are discussed, were (r. to l.) Gerald Barry, editor; R. Macarthy, night assistant editor; C. McKenzie, night news editor; E. P. Montgomery, diplomatic correspondent; Philip Jordan, now in Russia as special correspondent; Vernon Bartlett, M.P.; S. Clyne, picture editor; W. A. Davies, assistant editor; H. M. Baird, news editor; Norman Cliff, foreign editor



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

theme of Connie Tiarks, ingenuous masochist, always conscious of being "the weak sort"; the theme of Julia, the general servant, Julia who had "the integrity, the dignity, the directness of a Flemish primitive"—all these themes, and many others, are woven and interwoven with extraordinary contrapuntal skill into the texture of *The Living and the Dead*. (By the "living," I gather Mr. White means the people who refuse to close their eyes to reality; by the "dead," those who prefer to keep them shut.) The man is always more important than the method, and it is because Mr. White has a great and original talent, not because he has adopted the idiom of the James Joyce-Gertrude Stein school, that his work is to be admired. The suppression of inverted commas is all to the good, typographically, but the frequent interpolation of "he said" and "she said" it involves is tiresome. The more so, because Mr. White, like Gertrude Stein, has a trick of reiterating the words. "Yes, she said. It must. But it might be good if. In time, she said." I cordially endorse the publisher's opinion that this book has given Mr. White a place at the head of the younger novelists.

Gun Buster

IT was like a British soldier to choose "Gun Buster" for his pen-name. Implicit in it is the British soldier's sturdy refusal to dramatise himself as a hero. The most he will say about some gallant deed which may have won him "a gong" (as soldiers call a medal) is that it was "a good job of work," or of some epic battle in which he took part that it was "a good show." There is a touch of buffoonery in these expressions which gives a spice to their modesty, and I detect that touch in this name, Gun Buster. It is a joke that it should stand for "the great literary discovery of the war," for the author of *Return via Dunkirk*. Imagining that he was awarded a Distinguished Writing Cross for that fine book (now in its eighth edition), I see a bar being added to it for *Battle Dress* (Hodder and Stoughton; 5s.). And that reminds me of a passage in the fifth chapter on the subject of Decorations. "Even a V.C.—which takes a bit of winning—does not carry hero-worship with it. This, of

course, must not be taken to mean that the Army doesn't care for decorations just as much as everybody else. The Army does. But it is very reluctant to regard them as a badge of superhuman courage or ability, by which one man is to be forever distinguished beyond his fellows. . . . They know that the man disporting one is as likely to be no braver than the man without. They know that many factors have to fall just right for the winning of one. And they know that the principal factor is luck. All may be brave, but not all may be lucky enough to have their deeds noticed."

Gun Buster then proceeds to add his testimony to the evidence in many soldiers' books that there is no specific "brave man" type. When men come under fire for the first time, some of the "frail-looking rabbits" do magnificently. Some of the "great hefty fellows, real bruisers," turn out hopeless. Having once heard one of the most soothing of the B.B.C.'s many soothing war commentators assure his listeners, in dulcet tones, that the terrors of dive-bombing had been greatly exaggerated, I was interested in Gun Buster's frank admission that soldiers find their first dive-bombing ordeal a harrowing experience. "They were suffering," he writes of six men cowering in a trench, trying to hide from the Stukas overhead, "from the illusion that afflicts all men, however brave, when subjected to their first dive-bombing attack, that you yourself have been singled out specially for destruction, that the diving plane is coming straight for you and that nothing on God's earth can stop it. On top of this the fearful long-drawn shriek, as if of triumph over you, the destined and inescapable victim."

Battle Dress begins well, a great virtue in any book. (Do authors realise how many good books remain unread, because they begin badly?) Four officers, among the last few thousands to be evacuated from Dunkirk, sit chatting on the patch of lawn outside the Officers' Mess at a military depot in the North of England. (This chapter, with very little alteration, would make a first-rate one-act play.) How did it come about? Why are the Germans in Dunkirk, and we back here? "If you want to know what beat us," says the Tank Captain, "it was the dive-bombers and tanks. Machines in fact. The men, however good, can't function properly except through machines." Another officer, a Gunner, complains that

the lessons of mobile warfare were never fully rubbed in. "At the back of all our minds there still persisted, like an ineradicable weed, the old Front-Line obsession." The discussion ends with the consoling agreement of all that "we know a lot of things a damn sight better now."

The trickle of books about the war which has begun while it is still going on is likely to become a flood when it is over, but I doubt whether it will throw up many in the same class as *Battle Dress*.

Moonshine, and a Medley

I DISCOVERED that a little literary moonshine goes a very long way with me after I had read one story in Mr. John Collier's collection, *Presenting Moonshine* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.). This was about an orchid which spreads its vestigial tendrils, first over Cousin Jane's cat, then over Cousin Jane, and last over the botanist who owns it. They become part of it, suffer an orchidaceous change in fact, are metamorphosed into strange flowers with animal heads. Having ascertained from the "blurb" that Mr. Collier is out to satirise the foibles of humanity, its little vanities, ignorance, and credulousness, I was mortified that I could see no point whatever in this story which is called "Green Thoughts." I tried another—about a shop assistant who falls in love with a wax dress-model and abducts her, with no better luck. The charm of Mr. Collier's style, modelled on that of eighteenth-century classics, lured me to persevere, and "Rope Enough," which made me laugh, was my reward.

THERE is a fine story by Hemingway in *The Bedside Esquire* (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.) a heterogeneous collection of contributions originally published in *Esquire*, an American illustrated magazine, with a reputation for audacity. In the editor's preface, *Snows of Kilimanjaro* is described as "all of Hemingway's best stories in one hunk," a legitimate exaggeration. D. H. Lawrence, John Steinbeck, and other writers with great names are not so well represented as Hemingway. This bedside book is designed for off-and-on sampling and savouring, and the editor has considerably divided it into four sections: "shockers," "pure relaxers," "literature," and "For Men Only." The last section will, I expect, be the one to which women readers will turn first.



American and English Writers at the P.E.N. Club International Congress

Two distinguished American visitors, here with the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, hostess at the English Speaking Union reception for the P.E.N. Club, were Thornton Wilder and John Dos Passos. Thornton Wilder, whose "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" made him a best-selling author over here some fourteen years ago, is just finishing a new play called "The Skin of Our Teeth"

Two English novelists at the English Speaking Union's reception were Ernest Raymond and Noel Streatfeild, the latter in her W.V.S. uniform. The P.E.N. Congress, a four-day affair, was held at the Institut Français (see also page 430)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Evans — White

Sq.-Ldr. William Elwyn Francis Evans, R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late W. E. Evans, of Camelot, Milford Haven, and Mrs. Evans, and Elizabeth Margaret White, elder daughter of the late Sir Robert White, Bt., and Lady White, of Boulge Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk, were married at Ho'y Trinity, Marylebone. Her brother, Sir Richard White, married Marquess Townshend's sister



Cooper — Barker

Captain Edward A. Cooper, Royal Sussex Regiment, only son of the late Edward Cooper, and Mrs. Cooper, of 11, Carlton Gardens, Carlisle, and Mary Boyd Barker, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Barker, of Highfield Paddock, Niton Undercliff, Isle of Wight, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Butterworth — Martin

Captain Bernard Geoffrey Butterworth, R.A., only son of Lieut.-Col. B. M. G. Butterworth, of 39, St. John's Wood Park, N.W.8, and Mary Margaret Martin, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Erskine Martin, of 42, Courtfield Gardens, S.W. 10, were married at St. Jude's, Courtfield Gardens



Willcox — Oliphant

W. Tristram Beresford Willcox, Sherwood Foresters, only son of Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. H. B. D. Willcox, of Twitchet Corner, Hooton Pagnell, Doncaster, and Moria Oliphant, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Oliphant, of Mildenhall, Marlborough, Wilts., were married at Old Milton



Johnson, Oxford

Minty — Boscott

Pilot Officer Edward Minty, R.A.F., eldest son of the late N. E. E. Minty, and Mrs. Minty, of Wroxeter, Five Mile Drive, Oxford, and Vera Boscott, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Boscott, of Headington, Oxford, were married at St. Peter's, Wolvercote, Oxford



Peters — Rogers

Captain R. R. L. Peters, R.E., only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. L. Peters, of Hambledon, Hassocks, Sussex, and Ann Mary Rogers, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. de M. Rogers, of Novington Manor, Plumpton, Sussex, were married at East Chillington Parish Church

Getting Married (Continued)



St. John—Whiting

Sq.-Ldr. J. R. St. John, R.A.F., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. St. John, of Wellington, New Zealand, and Patricia Whiting, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Whiting, of Castlethorpe Lodge, Bletchley, Bucks., were married at St. Simon and St. Jude, Castlethorpe



Endicott—Knowles

Lieut. John William Endicott, R.N., and Joan Hinton Knowles, W.R.N.S., were married by the Dean of Ely at Ely Parish Church. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Endicott, of 2, Parkside Road, Northwood, Middlesex. She is the eldest daughter of the Rev. M. and Mrs. Hinton Knowles, of the Vicarage, Ely, Cambs.



Bond—Trimble

Lieut.-Commander M. M. Bond, R.N., and Meryl Trimble, only daughter of the Rev. C. S. and Mrs. Trimble, of Fryerning Rectory, Ingatstone, Essex, were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road. He is the only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel E. C. Bond, and Mrs. Bond



Mrs. T. D. Hanson

Harlip

Patricia June Fletcher, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Fletcher, of Lenton Close, Nottingham, was married earlier this month at Lenton Parish Church to Major Terence Desmond Hanson, R.A., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hanson, of East Leake, Notts.



Owen—Alderton-Griggs

Paymaster Lieut.-Commander R. T. Owen, R.N., and Joan Alderton-Griggs were married at Dover. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Owen, of Miramar, Hartley, Plymouth, and she is the daughter of Mrs. Maxted, of Longlands, Belleshanger Park, Kent



Mrs. Alan Robinson

Pamela Hurst was married on September 6th at St. Simon Zelotes, S.W.3, to Sec.-Licut. Alan Robinson, R.A.S.C., twin son of Flying-Officer and Mrs. E. R. Robinson, formerly of Paris. She is the daughter of the late Rev. H. H. Hurst, and Mrs. Eleanor Hurst



Roose—Freeling

Captain P. F. R. Roose, the Worcestershire Regiment, only son of Major and Mrs. FitzRoy Roose, the Croft, Haslemere, Surrey, and Sylvia Ida Freeling, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Freeling, formerly of Southsea, Hants., were married at St. Augustine's, Dodderhill, Worcs.



Macintosh—Maudson

Lieut. Ian Macintosh, Intelligence Corps, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Macintosh, of Santa Fe, Argentine, and D. M. Maudson, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Maudson, of Sydney, Australia, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens



Hirst—Johnstone

Cadet Peter Hirst, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Hirst, of Adel, Yorks., and Bunty Johnstone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Johnstone, of Duns, Berwickshire, were married at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh



Newquay Knitted Suits are perfect in every way. Model on left is in an attractive check design in bright contrasting colours:—Black/Gold, Nigger/Gold, Nigger/Red, Black/Rust, Blue/Burgundy.

SW., W. 5½ Gns.

WX 6 Gns.



Marshallgrade Cashmere purchased before prices advanced. The largest collection we have ever produced. Pullover pictured on right 29/6

Cardigan to Match 42/-

Colours:—Capri, Tuscan Red, Red Earth, Sherwood Green, Peony, Caterpillar, Corn Cob, Thistle and Travel Brown.

Sizes:—34, 36, 38, 40, 42.

Also pullover with plain round neck 29/6

With long sleeves 35/6



A lovely Angora and Lambswool Bolero. The indispensable garment for the cooler days ... 49/6

Colours:—Guards' Red, Wine, King's Blue, Gold, Rust, Aquamarine, Black, Navy, Nigger, Cherry, Coral, Purple.

Sizes:—34, 36, 38.

Large Collection of Cashmere Pullovers and Skirts now in stock to tone and contrast with bolero.

SIMPLE STYLES PREVAIL

More and more women are realising that quality, becomingness and good taste are sound fashion investments. Here, at Marshall & Snelgrove's, are youthful, wearable clothes that will not overtax the money and coupon budget.

This page is our emergency "Shop Window." You may order from it with complete confidence.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Nerves and Nerve

THE two are poles apart, and yet quite often next door to one another. Because a person suffers from the first, it by no means happens that he has lost the second. A telling illustration of this fact is furnished by the very gallant exploit of someone now known as Acting Squadron Leader W. J. Edrich, D.F.C., but better known as W. J. Edrich, brilliant All-England and Middlesex bat. He went down to 100 ft. in daylight to bomb the targets at Cologne on August 12, yet, as we know, he has ere now been nervous as a cat before going in to open the England innings, and has from that cause and no other been a bad failure more than once. Nerves, pure and simple, and nothing whatever to do with courage.

Only a very brave man could have done the deed which has won him his D.F.C. He went in and played this fine innings knowing exactly the measure of the danger. This is the acid test. To go in bald-headed seeing red is admirable, but it does not mark quite the same quality of courage. How many times have not all of us met that most intrepid person who, before going out to ride a steeplechase on, perhaps, something known to be rather a rocky jumper, has been a bundle of apprehension, not because he has any fear, but because, made and constituted as he is, his nerves are a bit tauter than would be those of a person of a more bovine temperament. Once in the battle, he quickly shows us that, though he may have a cargo of nerves aboard, his nerve is of as fine quality as ever.

Three Stages

THERE are three stages of man where another kind of sport—fox-hunting—is concerned: (1) the man who says he is afraid and is nothing of the sort; (2) the man who says he is not afraid and is; and

(3) the man who says he is afraid, and yet goes with the greatest fire and gallantry. Of the three, I fancy we know which we most admire. The first, of course, is just youthful and very forgivable swank! Pluck is a grand passport to safety: if there is no fear there is little danger.

There is one very funny thing about this horseback-riding business, and I am sure that it must apply to other things as well. It is this: the moment the intrepid person to whom reference has just been made is thrown up into the saddle, all signs of nerves vanish; he is as cool as a cucumber. Is this animal magnetism, or what? Whatever the cause, it is the fact.

Owen Anthony

THE strongest are often stricken, and this has been the case with poor Owen, brother of Ivor and Jack Anthony. The cause was pneumonia. His death has left the training profession very much the poorer, for he was one of the master craftsmen. It is also a great blow to his friends in and out of the racing world. He was much liked, and very justly so.

All three brothers of the famous Welsh family of horsemen were stars in their day, Jack Anthony the most brilliant of them where the Grand National was concerned, for he piloted three winners—Glenside, 1911; Ally Sloper, 1915; and Troytown, 1920. Owen rode the runner-up, Irish Mail, the year that Covertcoat (1913), ridden by Percy Woodland, won. Ivor never won distinction in the great 'chase.

The Anthonys, like another family of Welshmen, the Rees (F. Rees, Shaun Spadah; L. Rees, Music Hall, who was trained by Owen Anthony), were born horsemen, as have been many others who have hailed from The Principality from the days of Black Tom Oliver onwards, and there



Victor Hey

Brother Cricketers

Two famous cricketers now in the R.A.F. are Squadron Leader A. H. H. Gilligan and his brother, Pilot Officer A. E. R. Gilligan. They are seen on the famous ground at Scarborough, where for so many years the annual Festival has drawn the world's greatest cricketers. It was the scene of the recent match between A. E. R. Gilligan's XI. and that of Flight Lieut. F. E. Greenwood, in aid of R.A.F. charities. Excellent cricket was provided by England and County players now in the Forces

must be something in the air which produces this result. It is always a sheer joy to see the perfect product sitting in the saddle, and Ivor, Jack and Owen were this rather rare thing. Both the latter put on weight the moment that they stopped rigorous training, especially Owen. This is by no means an unusual occurrence, as so many know.

A Golden Miller Echo

OWEN ANTHONY's death revives a memory of 1935, and of how Golden Miller, the 1934 Grand National winner, left Basil Briscoe's establishment and came under

(Concluded on page 458)



At the Limerick Show: an Irish Horse and Dog Event

Lady Adare was a successful competitor in the driving class, a new feature at Limerick Show this year. She won the first prize with a very smart turn-out. The committee carried out their two-day programme in spite of the difficulties of foot and mouth disease, which prevented all cattle classes, and bad weather

Mrs. Lait, who is herself a very well-known exhibitor, presented Lady Gardner's Irish wolfhound, Knightellingtons Duntargley, in the ring at Limerick. He was declared Champion of the Show. A downpour on the first day rather spoiled some of the proceedings

Can we ever repay them?

**yes!.. here
and now.**



HERE is a grand chance to show some practical appreciation for those fine fellows who last year won the Battle of Britain, who since have been in the vanguard of the fight on every front and on whose courage and skill our safety now in these islands depends at every hour of the day and night. **The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund appeals to you for help to carry on its varied and ever-increasing work among Royal Air Force personnel.**

The Fund helps those disabled on active service. It cares for the widows of men killed in action, and educates their children. It must be ready to re-establish men in civil life after the war and to help those younger

members of the R.A.F. whose business or professional training has been cut short. The calls upon this Fund are, therefore, great and, owing to the rapid expansion of the Force, ever-increasing. Funds are urgently needed.

Please help those men and women of the Royal Air Force who have the misfortune to suffer disablement or distress as a result of their service to our country. Cheques (made payable to "The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund") should be sent to Lord Riverdale or to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Bertram T. Rumble. Address: 1, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

MORRIS MOTORS LTD.

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD.

THE M.G. CAR CO. LTD.

RILEY (Coventry) LTD.

•

MORRIS COMMERCIAL CARS LTD.

•

MORRIS INDUSTRIES EXPORTS LTD.

S.U. CARBURETTOR CO. LTD.

MECHANIZATIONS & AERO LTD.



Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Owen's charge. When a hot favourite disappoints in a big race there is always a to-do over it. Miss Dorothy Paget thought that Golden Miller had been overdone by Briscoe, whereupon he asked to be relieved of any further responsibility, and the horse was sent to Anthony. We all remember the clatter of gossip, and personally I always thought that it was all most regrettable and unnecessary; but I suppose so long as racing lasts, just so long will there be people who will be ready to ascribe the deepest crimes to the arch-villain, the jockey, the arch-villain, the trainer, the arch-villain, the owner, or the arch-villain, the bookmaker, who, incidentally, is invariably cast for the part of the nobbler of either the horse or the jockey, or both!

The gossip-mongers, so I have found, usually think of the real *causa causans* (the horse) last of all. There are people who believe that if you fill a horse with so much corn (petrol) and oil him up with so many gallops, he must do the same thing in the same way every time. It does not work out that way. In the National of 1935, and in the Champion on the following day, Golden Miller did exactly the same thing;



Seaforth Officers at Oflag VII D.

Last week we published a photograph of roll-call at Oflag VII D. This one shows some officers of the Seaforth Highlanders at the same camp. Front row: Lieut. Philip Miford, of Berryfield, Inverness; Lieut. Colin Mackenzie, M.C., House of Farr, Inverness. Middle row: Capt. Henry Hildreth, Major R. Pelham-Burn, Major D. McKessack, Major Shaw Mackenzie of Cromarty, Capt. Ian Hobkirk, Capt. Baird. Back row: Lieut. J. Bremner, Lieut. J. Boustead, Lieut. E. Hannay, Lieut. J. de Pree, Capt. G. Douglas



Destroyer Delights: Pay Day, or the Reward for Safe Convoy Escort

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

met them wrong, jumped awkwardly, screwed over them and decanted Gerry Wilson. The horse did not fall. "They" promptly said that it was impossible for so fine a horseman as G.W. to be given his walking ticket like this; but then "they" were not going over immensely stiff obstacles at almost the same pace as the Derby is run. So many of us can win races sitting in the stand; not so many can do it sitting in the saddle. Of course, all this was the biggest bosh ever talked.

Golden Miller was the only one who knew the real reason. Owen Anthony won a good race with him at Newbury on December 30th, 1935, Golden Miller, with 12 st. 10 lb. on his back, getting home in good style but not against a field of Grand National class. The fact that the trainer put Gerry Wilson up showed exactly what he thought of all the gossip. The talkative ones at once said that Golden Miller must be back at his best: but they were wrong. Over the self-same Newbury course on February 26th, 1936, Golden Miller cut it deliberately five fences from home. I repeat that he, and he alone, could tell us the why and wherefore of his performances at Aintree in March 1935.

Lord Birdwood's Memoirs

"K HAKI AND GOWN," which is on the brink of publication by Messrs. Ward Lock, and which in the meantime is being serialised in the *Sunday Times*, is certain to be of engrossing interest to all soldiers and also to many civilians, principally where the latter are concerned, by reason of the distinguished author's close association with Lord Kitchener, to whose staff he was first appointed in the South African War. This association continued on into Indian days, when Lord Kitchener was Commander-in-Chief and Lord Birdwood was his Military Secretary. Lord Birdwood, originally a 12th Lancer, had gone to the Indian Cavalry—the 11th Bengal Lancers (Probyn's Horse). His mother regiment was the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the old 21st Foot, one of Marlborough's regiments. They were raised in 1678, in the reign of Charles II., and their Service nickname is "The Earl of Mar's Grey Brecks."

Dependable



The unique gas-tight construction★ of Champion Sparking Plugs largely explains their supreme power-with-economy and their complete dependability, so essential to rapid and trouble-free transportation.

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED

SEALED WITH SILLMENT

★
Champion Plugs are Sillment-sealed against the troublesome leakage common to ordinary plugs. This 'miracle mineral' corrects rough, uneven and wasteful engine-operation caused by using leaky, over-heated sparking plugs.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE



Clothes reflect the strenuous times through which we are passing; therefore, Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, are specialising in interchangeable affairs. For instance, the frock portrayed may have an additional vest and sleeves which would completely alter its aspect. In its present form it is a pleasing study in shepherd's plaid and plain wool material, an important feature being the new loose sleeve. By the way, attention must be drawn to the fact that assembled in these salons is an interesting collection of maternity gowns. They have been specially designed for the slender as well as for those who are rather difficult. Quilted house frocks in prettily printed chintz are well represented

It is really well-nigh impossible to distinguish fur fabrics from fur. Ocelot is among those that look well in this "pile material," as it is sometimes called. Gorrings, in the Buckingham Palace Road, are responsible for the same; in it simuli ocelot and beaver are cleverly united; there are hats and gloves to harmonise. Brown and black Indian lamb look well in it. Rodex coats are available in various styles, among them the swagger, of which many of them are made, and is light and warm, its weight being insignificant. Naturally, there is an infinite variety of tweed coats, the needs of the woman of generous proportions being carefully considered



It is always a pleasure to wear a dress from Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly, W.—it acts as a mental stimulant. Among this firm's new colours (they really are lovely) are New York Blue, Windsor Royal and Kent Green. The styles are practical and so arranged that with slight alterations the suit or frock may be brought up to date. They are also making a feature of simple frocks for seven guineas, which are perfect for informal functions and look smart when seen in conjunction with a fur or other wrap coat. To this firm must be given the credit of the dress above with its neat sash





Learn to make your lips a coupon-free accessory . . .
 learn to make them lovely, lively . . .
 a tonic to an old dress, a symbol
 of gaiety and hope . . .
 Hunt for Gala Refills.
 Slip them into your old lipstick cases.
 Build up a little lipstick wardrobe.
 And if you find it sometimes difficult to get Gala,
 resist the temptation to buy those 'nameless',
 'pirated' black-market refills.
 They may be harmful to your health and
 to your beauty.



LIPSTICK REFILLS 1/6 INCL. TAX
There is Gala Powder, too, at the same price.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN



Quality



A beautiful Coat of Natural Canadian
 Beaver at the specially
 advantageous price of **198 gns.**

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Big Noises

ONE of the oddest manifestations of mass mesmerism is surely to be found in the cinematograph theatre's organ interlude. After being dazzled by the flicker of light upon the screen, the audience voluntarily submits to being dazed by the complicated clatter of a vast piece of electrically operated machinery.

Nobody supposes that the noise has any resemblance to music but, like alcohol, tobacco or the hypodermic needle, it does put the audience to sleep. It batters it into a state of semi-insensibility. And now it seems that the noises of air raids may be used to obtain similar results.

Some ingenious psychotherapists have been treating bomb-shocked patients by means of gramophone records of air raid noises. It seems that those who have suffered severely in air raids become noise-sensitive, and that it is because of the noise that they find themselves unable to stand up to further raids.

But put them—so these ingenious medical officers suggest—into a comfortable and safe room, and then make air raid noises at them, and they are reconditioned, so to speak. The noises lose their dread associations and also their ill-effects upon their nerves.

Silence

NOTICE that other psychotherapists have questioned the value of the noise method, but it appears that it has actually been used

successfully in curing those who have been bomb-shocked in air raids. And it does seem possible.

After all the noise of a cinema organ is in itself meaningless. It could be more readily associated with fear and annoyance than with anything else. But it happens to be associated in many people's minds with a restful seat in a cinema and with what the movie generation calls "entertainment."

"*Au cœur blessé, l'ombre et le silence*," says Balzac or somebody somewhere (old age brings with it the privilege of being slack in checking references). But in 1941 the psychically wounded need more noise to cure them. War and peace are both noisier. Work is noisier and play is noisier and undoubtedly the aeroplane has been very largely responsible.

Yet we all know that for both war and peace the silent aeroplane would be of the utmost

value. I heard the other day of a Royal Air Force pilot who stopped his engines and feathered the airscrews when some way away from Berlin, and glided silently down to about 800 feet over the city.

(Concluded on page 464)



Women Police for the W.A.A.F.

A new post in the W.A.A.F. is that of Assistant Provost Marshal, to which Assistant Section Officer George (right) has been appointed. Under the Provost Marshal of the R.A.F. she directs the new section of W.A.A.F. women police whose duty it is to supervise the well-being as well as the discipline of members of that service. Above, the A.P.M. and Group-Captain F. G. Stammers, O.B.E., Provost Marshal of the R.A.F., inspect a W.A.A.F. sergeant policewoman.

HUMBER

In war as in peace

the choice of experience . . .



HUMBER LTD.



COVENTRY



PRACTICAL CLOTHES FOR WINTER

Useful long-sleeved Shirt in light-weight wool, with shoulder yoke and envelope pocket. Buttons high to neck if required. In candy pink, turquoise, gold, sky or sapphire, striped white.

Sizes SSW, SW, W. **35/-**

The Slacks are tailored in herringbone, worsted material, with well fitting hips and two side pockets. Nigger, navy or bottle green.

Sizes 24 to 32. **47/6**

(Above) Attractive gored Skirt in corduroy with side zip fastener. In sapphire, wine, bottle green or navy. Sizes SW, W. **55/-**

(Below) Inexpensive Skirt in hard-wearing check tweed with two useful pockets and panel back. Zip fastened at side. Also a selection in plain colours. Sizes 38 to 42. **35/-**

Lillywhites
LTD

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1



... I played my part to the full"

They have asked for total war and they shall have it! Be sure, when victory comes, that you have done your level best to help and *nothing to hinder*.

Everything and everybody are needed for our fight — money spent on luxuries keeps goods and men serving *you* instead of Britain. We need MORE tanks, MORE aeroplanes, MORE destroyers — and MORE savings to help win the war.

Buy 3% Defence Bonds

An ideal investment for everybody — and particularly for the person who holds the limit of 500 National Savings Certificates.

They are an excellent investment with these main points — They can be bought in units of £5 from any Bank, Trustee Savings Bank, Post Office or Stockbroker, or by instalments by means of 2/6 National Savings Stamps. Interest is paid half-yearly, and Income Tax is not deducted from it at the source. They can be cashed at par at six months' notice. They are repayable after 10 years with a bonus of 1/- for every £5 invested. Maximum individual holding £1,000.

This space has been placed at the disposal of The National Savings Committee by Messrs. Whitbread & Co. Ltd.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

Air Eddies

(Continued from page 462)

Surprise

AT that point he released his bombs and immediately every defensive device the Berliners have went into feverish action. The bomber crew sought to make their get-away with great rapidity, only to find that two engines would not re-start.

I believe that they actually succeeded in making their way through all the searchlight rings and anti-aircraft fire on the remaining two engines. It is a story worth telling all on its own; but the only point I want to make now is the value of the really silent approach method.

The silent approach as practised in Spain, and as attempted by the Germans here has not been entirely silent. The engines have been kept motoring over so as to help stretch out the glide and even at this much reduced regime they make enough noise to give warning to alert defences.

But it looks as if the fully feathering airscrew and the engine starter which shows full trustworthiness will bring the really silent approach within the bounds of possibility. It will assuredly be used.

Books

I PERMIT myself here for once to butt in on a subject which is not really my own, namely books, because there have appeared just lately two books on aviation which seem to me to have special interest.

They are miles apart in approach, one being a documented and literary approach to the war in the air and the other a colloquial and personal approach to air fighting. The first is by David



U-Boat Captor

Acting Squadron-Leader James Herbert Thompson, pilot of the Hudson which was responsible for the capture of a U-boat two weeks ago, has been awarded the D.F.C., and so has the navigator and bomb-aimer, F.O. W. J. O. Coleman. Their plane, the first to force a submarine to surrender outright, first attacked the U-boat, causing it to surface, and then guarded it after its surrender for four hours, before being relieved by a Catalina. Above, Squadron-Leader Thompson and his wife pose for the photographer outside M.O.I.

Garnett and the second by an anonymous member of No. 1 Squadron.

We have waited long for some good book about the war in the air, and now—I speak purely from the aeronautical angle—we have two together. I was very much struck by the way air war history is repeating itself. In almost every particular, *Fighter Pilot* (Batsford: 6/-) could be transferred to 1914–1918 except that for “Hurricane” one would read “S.E.5,” and there would be none of the dreadful retreat and refugee episodes.

Even the photographs seem reflections of earlier photographs, and I could find among my own papers some faded pictures which match in every particular these more recent ones. It is a most extraordinary and mysterious resemblance.

One thing this book reveals is that although our pilots were never near giving up the fight, they were extremely hard pressed for a time, and were given almost no rest at all. There can be little doubt that the German air force came near not only to dominating the Armée de l’Air, but also the section of the Royal Air Force that was in France.

David Garnett’s book, *War in the Air* (Chatto & Windus: 7/6) takes a wider sweep and considers not the particular incidents of air war, but the general trend of it. He gives some important figures for operational losses and gains, and he ascribes British unreadiness in the air at the outbreak of war to the failure of the politicians to take the public into their confidence. He says that neither Parliament nor the public was told the truth. That we know now to be the fact, and it may have been the prime cause of our weakness. The public probably appreciated the importance of air more clearly than did the politicians.

But what puzzles me and will puzzle me is how it came about that there was no one, in the Service or out of it in the industry or some other group, where the true facts were known, who would risk his career to tell the truth. Had the public known the facts would it have allowed things to go on as they were going? I doubt it.

THE SUMMIT SEVEN



Finer tailoring and fast colours mean better looks and longer life. A choice of three sleeve lengths gives the last touch of precision. Yet Summit Shirts need no more coupons (7 only, including 2 collars).

For the best shirts your coupons can buy

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton.

TREASURE SHIPS

AS the long lines of ships cast their anchors the good news goes forth: “Another convoy safely home!” No Treasure Ships of olden days, though laden with spices and plundered gold, carried cargoes one half so precious as those that are discharged at our quays to-day.

Yet room is found for the many good things that go into Mackintosh’s Toffees and Chocolates; that make them so rich in pleasure and food value. Smaller quantities than in peace time, of course, and all the more precious for that.

So treasure your

Mackintosh's 'Quality Street'

OFFICIAL PRICES
 “Quality Street” and “Double Centre”
 Assortments - - - 8d. per qtr. lb.
 1 lb. Box 1s. 4d. - - Handy Packet 6d.
 “Rolo” & “Butt-o-Scotch” 2½d. per pkt.
 “MAX” Chewing Gum - ½d. per pkt.

a 'stitch-
in-time'
saves —

9 COUPONS!

Say you have three Braemar 'undies' showing signs of wear. It would cost you nine coupons to replace them. But it costs you no coupons at all to have them repaired by the Braemar Stitch-in-Time Service. This service will mend holes, strengthen worn places, and re-shape garments. The service looks after men's Braemars too—and of course there is no purchase tax on repairs (unless a piece of new material is used). Why not look over your underwear now and send it for a Stitch-in-Time before the cold weather starts?

All garments must be sent through a retailer, please!



'STITCH-IN-TIME' SERVICE

INNES, HENDERSON & CO. LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND

AERTEX
CORSETRY
UNDIES
BLOUSES

JACQMAR

announce the opening of
Bianca Mosca's

Export Model Department at
JACQMAR, 16 GROSVENOR ST., W.1

TORBAY HOTEL
TORQUAY

Tel. 2218 Telegrams. Torbay, Torquay

100 bedrooms
SPECIAL TERMS FOR H.M. SERVICES
WRITE FOR TARIFF T

TAO BEAUTY SALON specialises in advanced Electrolysis, 75 hairs permanently and painlessly destroyed for 10/6, a twenty-minute sitting. No scarring. Moles and warts completely removed. Permanent eyelash dyeing, 10/6, obviates mascara, is safe and harmless. A quick refresher massage and make-up, 5/6, a full hour's treatment, 10/6. Appointments may now be booked for Saturday afternoon. Phone Ken. 9055.—175 Knightsbridge, S.W.7.



Don't think you are being unpatriotic by having good lighting in your home. You can enjoy *good lighting* by using Royal "Ediswan" Coiled-Coil Lamps; they give up to 20% more light without consuming any more current.

Voltages 100/130—200/260

40 watt Pearl 1/7 75 watt Pearl 1/10
60 " " 1/7 100 " " 2/-
plus Purchase Tax



**ROYAL
"EDISWAN"
LAMPS**

Obtainable at all Electrical Suppliers

Facing the world with
a one-suit wardrobe

Now that it looks as though the time may come when you'll be facing the world with a one-suit wardrobe—ask your tailor to cut it in Sportex. A suit of this firm-woven Scottish cloth will keep you looking serenely well-turned-out in town or country long after the average suit would be showing serious signs of overwork.



"Have it cut in **SPORTEX**
it'll last as long as mine"

SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WOVEN CLOTH FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR

★ ★ ★ ALL CHEMISTS SELL
RENDELLS
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE
PRODUCTS

APPROVED BY DOCTORS ★ FAMOUS SINCE 1885

**KIA-
ORA**

"Good
Health!"



After a hard day — a long refreshing drink of Kia-Ora: but save the second for to-morrow.



Lemon • Orange
Grapefruit
Lime Juice Cordial
2/6

Orange Barley
Lemon Barley
2/3

Unsweetened Lemon,
Orange, Grapefruit
in half bottles
1/9



MIRROR, MIRROR,
TELL ME TRUE . . .

Good morning, and who may you be? I didn't expect to find a stranger in the looking-glass! How did you get those middle-aged crow's feet?

It's your neglect that has caused them (says the face in the mirror). Take my tip and change to CRÈME SIMON products . . .

First, you want CRÈME SIMON—the different skin food, used in a different way while the skin is damp. It keeps the tissues young and supple. Then CRÈME SIMON M.A.T.—the different foundation cream, which prevents shine and grease forming . . .

CRÈME SIMON Tubes 1/6 & 6d. plus tax.
Jars 3/9, 2/3 & 1/3 plus tax.
CRÈME SIMON Tubes 1/6 & 6d. plus tax.
M.A.T. Jars 2/3, 1/3 & 6d. plus tax.

**CRÈME
SIMON**

YOUR MIRROR WILL TELL YOU—
Creme Simon care makes all the difference.

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THIS one comes from America.

The notorious gangster, a dapper gorilla who always dressed in the height of fashion, was being escorted out of police headquarters by his lawyer. Once again, the one-man crime wave was free.

The lawyer walked with his client to the car. "Did the police bother you much this time?" he asked.

The gorilla opened the door of his car.

"Not much," he replied, "except that they took my fingerprints. And, boy, was I embarrassed!"

"Why?" inquired the lawyer. "Because they took your fingerprints?"

The dapper gangster shook his head.

"No, I didn't mind that so much," he asserted. "But my nails weren't manicured!"

HE was relating his experiences in the East. "I was taking my usual morning dip when I spotted three gladiators making for me, so I had to swim for dear life!"

"You mean navigators—something like a crocodile?" interposed a listener.

"Well, what are gladiators?"

"Gladiators? Why, they're a sort of flower grown from bulbs."

"I've been lying awake for hours waiting for you to come home from the club," stormed the angry wife.

"And I," retorted the fed-up husband, "have been at the club for hours waiting for you to go to sleep!"

FROM behind a fruit tree the angry old gentleman watched the naughty little boy next door throwing stones at his cat.

"Here, you!" he shouted, appearing suddenly from his hiding-place. "I'll teach you to throw stones at my cat, you little scamp!"

"Oh, thank you, sir!" was the grateful reply. "I've been trying for half an hour and haven't hit it once yet."

DESIROUS of bucking up business, the proprietor of a large department store engaged an "efficiency expert," whose chief delight was changing the departments around.

One day a section would be at the top of the building; the next it would be in the basement or else where the restaurant used to be.

After three weeks of this an old lady approached a worried-looking shop-walker and asked if he could tell her where the ironmongery department was.

"No, madam," he replied wearily; "but if you'll stand here for a few minutes, I'm sure you'll see it go by."

A BISHOP had just been appointed to his diocese when he received a telegram of congratulation from the Mother Superior of a convent nearby.

The Sisters wished to present him with a motor, he read, and, if he would call, they would have a selection from which he could make a choice.

The Bishop-designate set out for the convent, visualising a long string of desirable cars drawn up outside the gates.

Shortly after his departure another message arrived stating: "Telegraphic mistake: 'mitre,' not 'motor.'"

A MAN went to his doctor for treatment to his throat, and on being asked what the trouble was, he pointed to his throat and whispered, hoarsely, "Cigarettes."

"Ah, ha," said the doctor. "Smoking too many, eh?"

"No," whispered the unfortunate one, "asking for them."

"AND is there any instrument you can play?" asked the hostess who was pressing a guest to entertain the party. "Not away from home," he replied.

"That's strange. What do you play at home?"

The guest sighed deeply as he answered:

"Second fiddle!"



"Er—say when"

IT was a terrific boxing match. Fifty thousand fight fans were cheering themselves hoarse as the two boxers stood toe to toe and slugged each other with dynamite rights and lefts.

Suddenly one of the sluggers crumpled to the canvas. The crowd went mad. The boxer took a count of three and then got up. A few seconds after he was floored again. The crowd went crazy. Fifty thousand voices rose in one great, sustained roar.

The fighter on the canvas took a count of one-two-three-four. The roar of the crowd increased in volume. Suddenly the fallen fighter leaped to his feet and faced the bellowing crowd.

"Stop that fool howling!" he yelled. "How do you expect me to hear the count?"

WASTE PAPER—URGENT.

The Ministry of Supply Salvage Department urgently needs waste paper. Most businesses keep stored away masses of old correspondence files, price lists, labels, cartons, etc., many years old—"in case they come in useful." That day has come!

Please turn out those obsolete records, ledgers, directories and papers and hand them over to Salvage. Your usual merchant or the local Council will collect; if in difficulty send a postcard to the Council office.

Since the war enough waste paper has been recovered to fill a string of lorries stretching from London to Glasgow—over 370,000 tons. The supply line must carry on.

Nothing is too little—one old envelope will make a cartridge wad.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
SEPTEMBER

Name { Mrs.
Miss
Address
.....



"What could I do—I had nobody to leave her with?"



The

**World's
Most Beautiful
Skirt**

THE discriminating woman has only to see the KONERAY to realise that it is an all-round pleated skirt of outstanding excellence.

No sudden awkward ends to pleats which gape and eventually come unstitched. No broken lines, but graduated knife edge pleats that taper off gracefully and inconspicuously to give a single thickness of material over the hips.

What other skirt could give such a slenderising effect, or combine such smartness with freedom in wear? And, the KONERAY looks well on any figure, slim or not-so-slim, tall or not-so-tall.

Ask your draper or store to show you the KONERAY in the many delightful materials in which it is available.

Koneray
PATENT PENDING
PLEATED SKIRTS

Manufacturers: C. STILLITZ, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire

EXPORT ENQUIRIES INVITED

The KONERAY is available for export in Worweds, Scotch, Cumberland and Donegal Tweeds, Ancient and Modern Tartans of Botany Wool Vicuna, West of England Flannels, Irish Linens, Cream Serge and other fine quality British materials. Export orders should be accompanied by information to expedite payment in the United Kingdom.

**G
O
R
R
A
Y**



WORSTEDS **AUTHENTIC TARTANS** **FLANNELS** **TWEEDS** **CHECKS**



The Water Mill, by Ruysdael, (1628-1682).

The ever-turning wheel...

It is a far cry from the ponderous water wheels of old to the Wheels of Industry as they are today. So much now depends on those wheels, so much of Britain's industry, her trade at home, her commerce overseas...

The wheels of the B.S.A. factories turn ceaselessly—wheels designed, controlled, and guided by the hands and brains of master engineers—wheels responsible for Daimler, Lanchester, and B.S.A. Cars, B.S.A. Motor Cycles, Bicycles, Tools and Guns... Wheels that give us the special steels of Jessop & Saville, Daimler Buses, and the Monochrome Hardchrome Process.

Those who have produced these engineering masterpieces have ever held the

wheel in great respect. They know its power, they know the comforts and conveniences it has produced for you, for me, and for the next man. They know its vast potentialities in the production of yet greater achievements. They continue to study those potentialities...

BSA*

produces:

Daimler Cars
Lanchester Cars
B.S.A. Bicycles

B.S.A. Cars and Motor Cycles
Jessop & Saville Special Steels
B.S.A. & Burton Griffiths Tools
Monochrome Hardchrome Process
B.S.A. Guns and Rifles

* The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., England